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The Canadian Version of "The Prince"

F. H. UNDERHILL

► OUR CANADIAN historical imagination at present is dominated by the figure of Mackenzie King. Political leaders who were contemporaries of his and who cast a big shadow during their own life-time now seem unsubstantial ghosts. They are important only in their relationship to him. And today Mr. Diefenbaker, though he is temperamentally and intellectually about as different from King as any individual could be, is turning out to be just Mackenzie King, Mark II, as some sarcastic critic with memories of army service remarked a while ago. What makes him outstanding is that he also has built up a party which smothers all other parties seeking national status, that he exploits the spirit of Canadian nationalism for his own personal and ambitious purposes, while his specific policies on defence, on social welfare, on unemployment, on dominion-provincial relations, on anything, are as difficult to discover and define as ever were those of the great master.

John Pickersgill and Roger Graham have given us two remarkable studies* in the art of Canadian statesmanship. Though the periods of their two volumes do not overlap, so that we do not get the clear-cut contrast of King versus Meighen, both deal with the statesman in office during the crisis of war.

The Pickersgill volume follows Mr. King almost day by day from the outbreak of the second World War down to 1944. When McGregor Dawson's volume appeared on King's early career down to 1923—almost exactly the period that is covered by Professor Graham's present volume on Meighen—Bruce Hutchison remarked that it was an innocent Canadian version of Machiavelli's *Prince*. It wasn't as innocent as all that. But its main interest was in how, under modern democratic conditions, the Canadian Prince achieves political power. Mr. Pickersgill now concentrates on the Prince in power, holding on to power, warding off critics and opponents, handling every issue from the point of view of how it affects him personally, how it affects his control over his party and over his country. Mr. King, when he made his entries in that diary, didn't see himself as Machiavelli explaining the nature and function of the Canadian Prince for the benefit of posterity; but that is what the wartime diary really amounts to. And

for anyone interested in politics, this volume is simply fascinating on every page.

Most of Roger Graham's volume on Mr. Meighen is about Meighen in office and in power. It ends with his reaching the pinnacle of political power, the prime ministership. But I must confess that I found the early part on Mr. Meighen's life as a boy and university student and young lawyer the most attractive part of the book. This, I realize sadly, must be chiefly because I lived through World War I and the 1920's, and I cannot get over the strong anti-Meighen feelings which I acquired from watching Mr. Meighen in action during those years. By the end of the Graham volume I was getting ready to whoop it up for King as soon as the second volume, which will deal with 1926, comes out. This was in spite of the clarity, cogency and fairness with which Professor Graham presents the Meighen case.

But it is very useful to have this volume on the early Meighen before his struggle with King became an obsession that poisoned his whole life and that has distorted our view of both men. We can see Meighen as he was by himself. I immediately thought better of him when I learned that the professor at Toronto who impressed him most was W. J. Alexander in English. His contemporary, Mackenzie King, never seems to have run into a professor who unveiled to him the beauty of words arranged in poetry or in prose. Was it that he studied political science instead of mathematics, or was he just incapable of seeing that beauty?

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*THE MACKENZIE KING RECORD, VOLUME 1, 1939-1944: J. W. Pickersgill, University of Toronto Press; pp. xviii, 723; \$11.50.

*ARTHUR MEIGHEN, VOLUME 1, THE DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY: Roger Graham; Clarke, Irwin; pp. x, 341; \$7.50.

But I think we could get on today without all those sentimental and nostalgic Tories who try to make themselves believe that an ability to quote Shakespeare at length is a proof of statesmanship.

The weakness of Professor Graham's book is that he doesn't seem to have had much material in the Meighen papers from which he could quote to throw light on the private feelings and thoughts of his subject. Mr. Meighen apparently didn't write private letters of this intensely personal quality nor keep a diary like the King one. In fact there are more references in this volume to the Borden Papers than to the Meighen Papers. The result is that Mr. Meighen appears rather too much in his public capacity; he is analyzed too often as a pure thinking machine which records its thoughts in parliamentary speeches. But, to offset this, is the account of what he actually did as a wartime political leader. And Professor Graham as an author knows how to put words together.

AS FOR MR. KING, I don't suppose we shall ever again in Canadian history have a spectacle of such colossal, such pathological egoism as is presented in the Pickersgill extracts from the King diary. For we shall never again get a prime minister who finds so much time to spend on his diary. Yet Macdonald and Laurier must really have been like this also, when we consider the determination with which they held on to power and their tirelessness in the practice of the art of manipulating other people so as to get their own way. But they seem to have been almost entirely free from the distasteful narcissism which prevented Mr. King from ever looking at any problem impersonally; he could only look at himself dealing with that problem.

Yet one cannot help being impressed with the capacity that he shows now in the 1940's, after years of experience, in dominating his cabinet and his party. And one watches with fascination as the old bull drives out any young bulls who challenge his domination over the herd. You can see him here starting with an admiration for Ralston as the man most suited to succeed himself in the leadership of the party and then slowly and almost unconsciously preparing to liquidate Ralston as the latter becomes the most serious challenger to his own power. And time after time he presents to the Liberal caucus the choice of following him as their leader or of going to pieces through internal disputes. Here for modern students of Canadian politics are some wonderful insights into what makes an effective political party.

At the same time this picture of the unremitting self-centred concentration upon power which the Prince must display if he is to maintain his position is a terrifying one. The King egoism is made the more repulsive because, so far as this volume shows, he never seems to relax into humor or into mere careless friendly talk with people who attracted him as human beings. But, on the other hand, the story which his diary tells of his last hours with Ernest Lapointe, as Lapointe lay on his death-bed, is deeply moving. How can this man be understood?

There is very little here of King as the liberal. No doubt the pressure of wartime duties accounts for this in part. But one can hardly escape the impression that when some event does now and then remind him of his early liberalism, his liberal reflections are becoming

more and more formal and ritualistic. His government had become a managerial government. When he welcomes the Beveridge Report in Britain because it is all contained in embryo in his own *Industry and Humanity* of 1918, the reader who knows anything about the history of social reform in the twentieth century can only laugh out loud at the unctuous presumption of the man. And I must add that the volume as a whole has made me wonder a little bit about Jack Pickersgill himself as a liberal. What fascinates him throughout seems to be the Machiavellian Prince in King rather than the liberal. But the cure for this doubt in my mind is, of course, to go up to the House and watch him dealing with the current Prince.

One or two other points about King's leadership strike me. First there is the question of coalition in wartime. What must Winston Churchill really have thought when King explained to him that he couldn't form a coalition with the Canadian Conservatives because they had attacked him so long and so bitterly? There stood Churchill who had fought the Labor party bitterly over the general strike in 1926 and over India in the 1930's, and was now a coalition colleague of Attlee, Bevin, Morrison and Cripps. The real reason why King could not accept coalition at any time was that it would mean sharing the leadership with a group which he could not control. This was why he had not offered coalition to the Progressives in 1921. How ridiculous of him to declare that party government is always essential to the working of democratic institutions when Britain had fought both the great wars under coalition governments! The truth is that coalition government requires a certain generosity of spirit in which King was largely lacking. Of course most of the Tories who were so loudly calling for a national government in the early forties were even more lacking in that necessary generosity of spirit.

Another thing stands out in Mr. Pickersgill's pages. King's leading passion, beyond his personal determination to stay in power, was for the equality of status of Canada with Britain and the United States. He was always quick to protest against any forgetfulness by Roosevelt or Churchill that Canada played an essential part at the third corner of the North Atlantic Triangle. Churchill was always forgetting that Britain didn't actually stand alone in 1940, and he was always failing to publicize the role of Canadian flyers in the Battle of Britain, and of Canadian army troops in Sicily and Italy. Yet the glow of pride which suffuses the Canadian diarist as he records every little occasion on which the Englishman or the American praises him or flatters him shows that he didn't really after all feel himself to be their equals. It is hard to imagine Winston or F.D.R. sitting down in his bedroom at night and purring with satisfaction over something nice that the Canadian prime minister had said to him or about him. They were too busy with the war.

We need, however, to remember that neither Mr. Meighen nor any other Canadian political leader has ever revealed so much of himself as Mr. King has done in this diary. So we have no test by which we can compare them in their innermost private personalities. We know too much about Mr. King for our generation ever to be quite fair to him.

In his case for Mr. Meighen I think that Professor Graham is inclined to overwork the argument that the

Meighen supremacy in parliamentary debate made him unpopular with his victims. There is considerable truth in this, to be sure. But like all these heroes of logical dialectic, Mr. Meighen achieved this logical clarity in argument because he started from certain inarticulate major premises which he never discussed. One of these major premises, the most important one in his career and the one that had most fatal future effect upon his party, was the right of the English-Canadian majority to coerce the French-Canadian minority if they (the English-Canadians) felt sufficiently strongly about the justice of their own case. He felt towards all dissenters very much as the old family compact did.

Professor Graham has missed the beautiful symbolism of the fact which he records, that Arthur Meighen was born in St. Mary's, which was named after the imperious daughter of Bishop Strachan. When Arthur Meighen started out to put dissenters in their place, whether they were French Canadians or striking Winnipeg workers or insurgent prairie farmers, he dealt with them very much in the spirit with which Bishop Strachan dealt with low churchmen or Protestant sectarians. His biographer never quite acknowledges

that it was not the brilliance of his intellect that offended these various minority groups but the narrowness of his social imagination. He never really understood that in a national community composed of such diverse groups as make up the Canadian population the only statesmanlike policy is that of "concurrent majorities."

Now this is just what Mr. King always understood. He proved his capacity for exercising power in a community like Canada because he was always aware that the man in power must carry along with him in his policies all the significant groups in the country. He was right in thinking of himself that his genius in statesmanship lay in his capacity for conciliation, for leading diverse groups to an understanding of what they had in common. In spite of the clarity with which Professor Graham expounds the Meighen policies—or perhaps because of it—he reveals that Mr. Meighen's genius usually consisted in emphasizing to the diverse groups how deep were the divisions among them. Whether we like Mr. King personally or not, he proved in a long public career his fitness for the office of the Canadian Prince. Of Mr. Meighen we have to say that he was *capax imperii nisi imperasset*.



Sugaring Time

CURRENT COMMENT

South Africa and the Commonwealth

► THE IMPLICATIONS FOR the Commonwealth of South Africa's withdrawal are still uncertain. One difficulty is to assess the validity of the evidence emanating from a Conference which combines the convention of secrecy with the maximum of publicity and leakage to the press. Nkrumah of Ghana and Sir Abubakar Balewa of Nigeria seem to have made it clear that retention of South Africa and their continued allegiance were incompatible. In addition, Julius Nyerere, the respected leader of TANU, influenced the proceedings by his assertions that an independent Tanganyika would not join the Commonwealth if South Africa remained. This abhorrence of apartheid, coupled with the increasing influence of the Afro-Asian group, made a fairly decisive break with the old white Commonwealth mandatory.

In this necessary reorientation Mr. Diefenbaker played a role of decisive importance. His recognition of the international implications of apartheid, and his consequent alliance with the Afro-Asian members prevented, by a small margin, the issue from being discussed on exclusively racial lines. Yet Mr. Macmillan's unsuccessful attempts to find a compromise, the publicly expressed disapproval of Mr. Menzies at the outcome, plus the pugilistic remarks of Sir Roy Welensky, indicate a racial division in the club reflecting more than differential degrees of enthusiasm for the new multi-racial emphasis. As far as the white members are concerned, the decisive act of expulsion was muffled by an emotional fog with frequent references to Dr. Verwoerd's dignity and courtesy which tended to give the impression that the underdog was Verwoerd, rather than nine-and-a-half million Bantu. It was also somewhat disconcerting to note the alacrity with which Mr. Macmillan seized on Verwoerd's statement that military and economic relations with Great Britain need not be affected, and Howard Green's prompt indication that Commonwealth trade preferences with the Union, in which Canada enjoys a decided advantage, would probably continue as before. These almost too hasty assurances that, expulsion apart, relations would not be altered, undermined the moral basis of the white stand. The problem of apartheid, in brief, has not been solved by expulsion, and Commonwealth countries must decide on whether or not further policy changes with respect to South Africa are necessary or desirable. Multi-racialism in other words remains to be achieved both in the Union and in the minds and hearts of the remaining white members. Indeed it is tempting to suggest that allegiance to the new Commonwealth is now greater among the Afro-Asians than among the old members.

Although the step taken was inevitable, it has dangers as well as benefits. There is a danger that the priority given to the multi-racial aspect of the Commonwealth may jeopardize its continued existence. Mr. Menzies made it abundantly clear that Australia's immigration policy was an attribute of sovereignty immune from criticism by members of the club. Canada, if attacked, would undoubtedly adopt a similar viewpoint. The non-white members, therefore, must recognize the need for

restraint and the existence of limits to criticism if the new Commonwealth is not to be strangled at birth. If the South African incident is to be a precedent for the future rather than a unique event the prospects for the Commonwealth will indeed be dark.

If the implications for the Commonwealth are confusing, the implications for South Africa are also obscure. Chief Albert Luthuli of the banned African National Congress was reported as being jubilant, an attitude which probably reflects the feelings of most politically conscious Africans. African nationalists undoubtedly feel that time is now more than ever on their side, and that the hour of struggle and triumph approaches. If African confidence has increased, European feelings of security have undoubtedly diminished. Heavy selling on the stock exchange, fist-cuffs between Europeans in front of the Johannesburg city hall, bitterness in Natal, reports of emigration enquiries, and a growing realization of South Africa's isolation are all indicative in this respect. This combination of European insecurity and growing African confidence could prove exceptionally dangerous, leading to racial strife and repetitions on a larger scale of Sharpeville and Langa.

The unresolved question is whether or not the growth of insecurity will produce a fortress mentality in the ruling white group, or whether the cleavage between English and Boer will be widened. The Government and the Boer press are playing up the unity theme, adding that expulsion from a "Kaffir dominated Commonwealth" is readily explicable and, under the circumstances, desirable. The English are tending to blame the recent government-sponsored referendum on Republican status for providing the basis for expulsion proceedings. Both white groups however are essentially united on the necessity of apartheid (described by Verwoerd as "good neighborliness"), and even the English grudgingly admit that Verwoerd had no alternative to withdrawal once the issue was raised at the Conference.

The English, of course, will be most deeply affected by the withdrawal as the referendum results indicated. While the Afrikaner is undoubtedly perturbed, the new situation fits in with the Trekker mentality of evading and ignoring criticism of racial policies by self-imposed isolation. He has already been given a lead by Verwoerd, who stated on his return that God has ordained South Africa's withdrawal.

The Commonwealth has commenced a new Trek of uncertain but promising future; the Union has commenced its final Trek on a road that can lead only to disaster. When this is realized (through reason or necessity), the family can be reunited, for Mr. Diefenbaker left a light burning in the Commonwealth window.

A. CAIRNS

TO IRVING LAYTON

(ON HIS PASSION FOR THE FIRST LADY)

Come off it, cocky Layton, what has Jacky got
(Save a devoted husband) sweet Aviva's not?
But if you want variety to warm old bones,
Stick to the Commonwealth: try Mrs. Armstrong-Jones.

A.J.M.S.

Conservatives Prepare for E-Day

The Conservative party's three-day pow-wow in Ottawa from March 16 to 18 was not a convention, as some reports seemed to imply. It was merely the 1961 annual general meeting of the federal party. But it was a meeting with a difference. A throng of 2,500 supporters signed in and filled the stately halls of the Chateau Laurier with babble and bravado. Cabinet ministers talked tough and party managers gave basic lessons in how to organize constituencies effectively.

The difference, in short, was that this appeared to be a pre-election rally of the party's fighting troops. Of course no one announced when the election will be. The man whose right it is to set the date, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, denied that he himself has chosen a day. And that is no doubt true. But it was also clear that the party's hierarchy was preparing for a contest this year. And what is good enough for an election prediction by National Director Allister Grossart is good enough for a safe bet by the rest of us, except for the fact that Mr. Diefenbaker has such a puckish sense of humour that he might switch the date if he thought everyone was expecting it.

This rally concentrated on "telling the true story of the Diefenbaker government's accomplishments" and on urging the rank-and-file to organize thoroughly to win. The innovation of panel seminars of cabinet ministers in which the grass could ask the brass questions directly was part of the attempt to tell the story, as was the glossy literature handed out and the huge wall maps of Canada depicting "the national development policy in action." But equally significant was the three-hour session on Friday morning in which top party organizers told the delegates how to appoint poll chairmen, hold teas, and operate car pools on election day. Unfortunately attendance at this session dwindled as dozens of delegates rushed off to the House of Commons to hear Mr. Diefenbaker make his official statement on the Commonwealth Conference from which he had just returned that morning.

Mr. Diefenbaker is undoubtedly the greatest asset the party has. No one comes near to him in infusing the party with the elixir of life, though Trade Minister George Hees' stock is rising fast. Yet even Mr. Diefenbaker does not elicit the enthusiasm he once provoked, for instance at the 1956 leadership convention. The bloom is off the peach—or the preacher—which is an inevitable concomitant of holding power rather than aspiring to it. A more serious symptom of declining vigor was the relatively small number of young people at the meeting. There was an unusually high percentage of women, but many of them were in the very matronly category.

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THE WOMAN BY THE WATER

I saw her again last evening; she was sitting
beside the island harbour, on the quay;
the quiet fingers working at her knitting
knotted the separate strands incessantly;

Her silent form had some strange energy
that moved her with the swelled wash of the lake—
boats passing between the forest and the sea,
leaving a foam of red gulls in their wake;

She purled her thread with waves, and seemed to take
fire from the fallen sun to drench her hair
and hands a living scarlet, and to make
her self the centre of a web of air

Glowing with light; but when she raised her head,
I saw her eyes were darker than the dead.

M. E. Atwood

ANTENNA

But this model mounts the antenna at the back.
Almost unused and still quivering with shock,
You share the sun with me and show me how.
Ha! Your little press-ups fail to impress me,
Glistening novitiate; after all, here and now
Is now and here and you're not half so free
As you would like to be and I, well I was here
Before, both yesterday and Sunday afternoon. Last year
I shared the sun with sons and brothers, fathers
Of all you flimsy, whimsy wobbling bugs.
But this model mounts the antenna at the back.

Now this model mounts the antenna at the back.
Do you grin in your knitting up there on your rock
With your rear view radar raping my mind?
A more muddy philosopher I have not seen.
In your dun, nearly done, diminutive and blind,
Bleached, weary brain pan all knowledge has been
For an instant—graspable. And yet all you do
Is sneer at my mortality and wonder who.
I do not know much about bugs but I think
This one is an old God, laughing at success
And this model mounts the antenna at the back.

James Cass

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Canadian Calendar

- In 1960, passenger traffic on urban transit systems was 2.5 per cent lower than in 1959.
- No legislation on copyright has been passed in Canada since 1924. Canada accepts in principle the universal copyright convention sponsored by the United Nations in 1952, but is not a member. Canadian writers are therefore subject to a clause in the U.S. copyright act which requires books and periodicals in the English language to be set, printed and bound in the United States, or else forfeit benefit of copyright, except on a limited number of copies. The Canadian Authors Association has mailed a brief to Prime Minister Diefenbaker urging more protection for Canadian authors and outlining desirable copyright legislation.
- Production of fine paper in 1960 was a record 289,189 tons, 4.1 per cent more than was produced in 1959. The quantity exported rose 22.1 per cent over that in 1959.
- The federal Department of Mines estimates that potash deposits in Saskatchewan amount to 6,400,000,000 tons, ten times the total in the rest of the world, and sufficient for world needs, at the present rate of use, for the next 800 years.
- The Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities, appearing before the Senate Manpower Committee on Feb. 15, renewed its long-standing plea for creation by the federal government of a municipal development bank to make funds available at low interest rates for urgently needed public facilities and services.
- On Feb. 16 the Senate gave second reading to a bill removing the government's power to enfranchise individual Indians or entire Indian bands against their will.
- Trees are provided free of charge by federal government nursery stations at Indian Head and Sutherland, near Saskatoon, and the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture pays half the cost of planting to rural governments, conservation authorities, and shelter belt associations of the province. When the tree-planting program began in 1950, the cost to provincial authorities was \$130 for that year; in 1959 it was nearly \$23,000. By the end of 1961, if the present rate continues, 30,000 miles of trees will have been planted.
- Toronto is the third-largest free gold market in the world. During the three-month gold crisis last year, sales on the Toronto market exceeded the 35 million dollars worth of bullion produced by Canadian mines in that period. Normally the monthly demand from private sources ranges between 65,000 and 130,000 ounces, leaving from 70,000 to 135,000 ounces per month for which other buyers must be found.
- Indians of the Oka Reserve on the outskirts of Montreal are appealing to the Joint Committee on Indian Affairs against the municipality of Oka, which assumed title through a private bill in the Quebec Legislature to the Indians' common lands, and plans to make them into a golf course. Through their representative, Montreal lawyer Emile Colas, the Oka Indians have asked for the abolition of the Department of Indian Affairs, and the establishment of a commission of which some members should be Indian to judge Indian problems.
- On Feb. 17, a new estate tax pact, retroactive to Jan. 1, 1959, when the new Canadian Estate Tax Act came into effect, was signed by the U.S. and Canada. The

new agreement will avoid double taxation by a reciprocal system of tax credits.

- On Feb. 26, Canada Council announced the award of 36 fellowships to creative and performing artists. The fellowships have an average value of \$4,000 for single and \$4,500 for married recipients.
- The Royal Ontario Museum has begun preparations for the first Canadian archeological expedition to an ancient Mayan site. The five-year project will be directed by Dr. William Bullard, who previously directed a Harvard University expedition to a Mayan site in British Honduras, and who is now there looking for a suitable site for the Royal Ontario Museum expedition.
- In an assortment of old goods purchased for a little more than a hundred dollars, Toronto antique dealer M. S. Novis found an original Kriehoff, 14 by 22 inches, dated 1862. Toronto art experts when consulted dismissed the painting as a copy, but Dr. Barbeau of Ottawa, an authority on Kriehoff, has declared the painting genuine.
- The Dominion Government's Public Service of Canada estimates that the \$77,184 paid out in awards since 1953 for suggestions on efficiency resulted in first-year savings for the taxpayer of \$1,443,912.
- Present daily water consumption in the province of Ontario is 500,000,000 gallons.
- On March 3, Northern Affairs Minister Dinsdale announced revised mining regulations for the Northwest Territories and other federal lands. The changes are designed to provide for Canadian participation at the lease stage, and also to avoid problems of long claim tenure without activity.

STAR BRIGHT

I remember a night of childhood in late August
 Going home from a picnic. There were, I think,
 Six or so of us in an old wagon.
 The horse clop-clopped along the dusty road.
 I made a wish, I remember, on the first star,
 And then we sat and tried to count the stars.
 It might have taken as long, we thought, to count them
 As to count the pebbles lying on the road
 That seemed the stars' reflections. They seemed so far,
 Untouched by any sentimental song
 Or speculations of astronomers.
 We sang a while, until the shadowy trees
 And the calm moonlight stilled the song to rest;
 Then huddled closer, like young animals
 That warm each other in the cool of night.

I wonder what my wish was on the star:
 Maybe for riches, like the girl whose apron
 Was filled with falling stars that turned to coins;
 Maybe for glory, like a crown of stars;
 Maybe for love to turn my blood to stars.
 I can't somehow remember, but I wish—
 Or half wish, maybe—I could find myself
 On a calm August evening in a creaking wagon
 Driving home between the rows of pines.

Elizabeth Brewster

Coyne and the Realm

M. R. D. VOS

► IT WILL BE A PITY if this little book* passes unnoticed. It well may, because of its appearance. Other than the small pamphlets on African Missions which, in my childhood, used to be on sale for a penny in church porches, I cannot offhand recall a less prepossessing piece of bookmaking.

What lies between the repellent covers is another story. At times the writing is amateurish, and the logic something less than razor-sharp. But Professor Gordon has achieved, in a pleasantly polemic fashion, a true political broadsheet in the tradition of Swift. Indeed, at times it reads as though the Governor of the Bank of Canada had just finished putting forward "A Modest Proposal" in all seriousness, and Professor Gordon were engaged in rebutting it.

Writing as a born Englishman, formerly (and nostalgically) a Canadian, and now living in New York, I will add a purely personal judgment. No consumptive novice in a Quebec nunnery, no Alberta rough-turned-CBC-commentator, could possibly have anything to say, in blank verse or rhymed prose, more important for every thinking Canadian to read and understand.

Professor Gordon's thesis is not complex, and he develops it in clear and cogent terms. It is this. By the Act which established it, the Bank of Canada is a very powerful force in the Canadian economy. It is independently managed by a governor who enjoys tenure of office during good behavior (like judges) and acts almost without supervision. Until 1956 it was taken for granted that the Minister of Finance was responsible for the broad policy of the Bank. In that year Mr. Walter Harris, who then held that office, denied his responsibility in order to get out of a tight debating corner. He maintained that the Bank was responsible for its general policy not to him, but to Parliament at large (which means to nobody). Mr. Donald Fleming, then chief Opposition critic on financial and economic questions, took violent issue with Mr. Harris. However, on succeeding to office Mr. Fleming also preferred to repudiate his responsibility. In consequence Mr. James M. Coyne, the Bank's Governor, now wields certain irresistible weapons of economic power as a dictator. According to Professor Gordon, Mr. Coyne's mind moves most at its ease in the economic world of the Mercantilists—or at the latest of David Ricardo, Keynes, or John Stuart Mill, are dangerous radicals in his book. The upshot is that the economy of mid-twentieth-century Canada is being manipulated within an early-nineteenth-century frame of reference.

No one who reads the financial page of a good newspaper can be unaware that there is substance to Professor Gordon's charges. There may be evidence that the present government of Canada does have an economic policy; if so, I have missed it, and I suspect I am not alone. Perhaps Mr. Diefenbaker instituted the policy a week ago last Tuesday, and then forgot to tell us that he had changed it on Wednesday morning. And, if an elected government refuses to have an economic policy,

then policy can be made by default in the central bank. The names of Mr. Martin in the U.S., and of M. Baumgartner in France, will readily occur in the context to any student.

But Professor Gordon on Mr. Diefenbaker's ideas of central government, or on Mr. Coyne's ideas of central banking, are not in my opinion the crux of the book. On these topics he is funny without being vulgar. Particularly on Mr. Diefenbaker, the empty space delineated by what Professor Gordon refrains from saying, will richly repay study. It is when we turn to consider Professor Gordon himself that we are able to arrive at less obvious but even more important conclusions.

Take first the book's comments on the so-called "floating bank rate." On p. 29 we find: "In the fall of 1960, while the forces of economic recession were gaining strength and unemployment was growing, Bank Rate more than doubled in the space of only ten weeks. If such a rise in Bank Rate were to occur in England or the United States, it would be generally regarded as indicating a very sharp tightening of monetary conditions, which under the existing economic circumstances of mounting recession, would be an insane economic policy." The interesting point in this sentence is a grammatical one: should "tightening" be taken as the present participle of a transitive or an intransitive verb? If the former, we are to understand "... a very sharp tightening *by the Bank* of money supply"—presumably the kind of thing that is commonly done by central banks to control runaway inflation. With this reading the proposition makes sense; the Bank tightened credit by raising Bank Rate, as no other central bank would do in the middle of a recession. I can make no sense at all of the other reading. If anything, that must mean that when monetary conditions tighten of themselves during a recession, this is insane economic policy. Of course, it is no such thing. It is the absence of economic policy which permits a bad economy to become worse, and then worse again, until finally it starts bouncing off bottom. The bounce is then hailed as "the inevitable recovery of a healthy economic body, if it is left alone and not choked with quack nostrums."

Here I believe Professor Gordon—and not for the only time—is trying to have it both ways. The real gravamen of the charge against the Bank is that it is deliberately refusing to interfere in the Canadian economy at a time when interference is desirable and necessary. Professor Gordon knows this, but he can't resist throwing in an extra indictment—that the Bank *did* interfere, in a murderous kind of way, by applying policies opposite to what was required. Unless this is what he means, why does he speak of "an insane economic policy?" It is a commonplace that, in a recession, monetary conditions tend to tighten of themselves. That they should do so isn't insane; it's natural. And it certainly isn't a policy.

The Professor is juggling semantics again on p. 46. He asks, for instance, "When Mr. Garfield Weston decided to live abroad, did that harm our economy in some specific way?" I believe he is trying to laugh out of court Mr. Coyne's well-known theory that too much of Canada is owned by foreigners. I am not so sure as Professor Gordon that this is a risible contention. But I am sure that the whereabouts of Mr. Weston cannot be so lightly dismissed. What is meant here by "harm?" And what is meant by "economy?" Mr. Weston's departure has caused at least one specific *difference*: that

*THE ECONOMISTS VERSUS THE BANK OF CANADA: H. Scott Gordon; Ryerson; pp. ix, 51; \$1.50.

the dividends on his holdings of Weston's, *et al.*, now leave the country, and are probably spent abroad, thereby giving some group of foreigners a fortuitous call on Canadian goods and services. This may be a bad thing, or not, but it is certainly something. And if all Canada's native millionaires were to emigrate in a body, they would form an invisible import of no mean proportions.

Again, let us suppose, improbably, that Mr. Weston had chosen to go and live in the Soviet Union, and were there allowed to draw and spend his dividends on condition that he operated his companies in the interests of world communism. That might not harm the Canadian economy, but it would certainly harm Canada in a very real sense.

Before I am accused of quibbling, I had perhaps better explain why I am so concerned about Professor Gordon's apparently minor departures from strict reason. They worry me because I believe they are quite typical of the liberal (small "l," please note) Canadian academic, and perhaps of liberal Canadians in general.

Professor Gordon apparently believes that a particular set of economic doctrines is, in some mysterious way, "right" or "wrong" of itself. This is not simply the scholar's correct assumption that it is better to know a subject than not to know it. I would agree that—for example—a contemporary economist who really believes in Fourier is as ridiculous as a contemporary chemist who really believes in phlogiston. But we are not here considering economics as a set of scientific theories, some more fully verifiable than others. We are considering economics as a set of governmental techniques, some of which work better than others in attaining a desired objective. The real criticism of Mr. Diefenbaker is that he desires no objective (or perhaps actively desires the wrong one). The real criticism of Mr. Coyne is that, with no objective imposed on him from above, he has allowed the Canadian economy to drift without interference.

There are in Canada, essentially, two political groupings. We might call one, for convenience, conservative. People in this group are very clear on what they want. They want things left alone, because they're doing very nicely, thank you. They don't have to worry too much about means, because no great knowledge of government techniques is required to refrain from doing anything in particular. Then, there are people who call themselves liberals. Unhappily, many of them aren't. They are something which, for want of a better word, you might call sociologicrats. They have a pet formula, lying within one or more of the social sciences. They believe in public ownership, or co-operatives, or Keynesian economics, or efficient administration by paid experts, or something. It is very hard to coax out of them any clear idea of what they want for Canada; what kind of a country they would like it to be. They are pregnant with good causes; with new theories that ought to be tried out; with brilliant men whose talents ought to be used in Ottawa. But they are less efficient than the conservatives (who, I ought to make it clear, are numerous in both major parties) because they are not pursuing a clear goal.

I finished Professor Gordon's pamphlet with a familiar sinking feeling. I had it often when I lived in Toronto. It runs, roughly, that Canada could use fewer experts and (if I dare say it) more politicians. After all, a poli-

tician is in politics because he wants something. It might be something for himself, though in Canada probably any other activity would better serve self-interest. But a politician can quite as well want something for his country. Woodrow Wilson was a consummate politician. So was Lloyd George. Or Roosevelt. Or Attlee. Or, for the matter of that, Kennedy. Eisenhower, by the way, was not. And perhaps the outstanding recent example of the expert in politics was Herbert Hoover. He would have done better to stick to engineering, or famine relief (in a foreign country, of course).

It is a long time since anyone stood up and invited Canadians to examine their national goals. An expenditure of liberal energy along these lines could save a great deal of spilled ink about the Bank of Canada or any other organ of government. Once the goals are defined, and a government has been elected with instructions to reach them, Mr. Coyne and his like can be told what is required of them. If they won't or can't deliver, this might be "bad behavior" within the meaning of the act. But they will. That kind of high-level government lackey always does, if you back him into a corner.

The African Stories of Margaret Laurence

HENRY KREISEL

► IN THE THIRD issue of *Prism* (Spring, 1960) Margaret Laurence published an extraordinary short story called "Godman's Master". In it she tells of the strange experience of one Moses Adu, an African who, after four years of study in England, returns to Africa in order to take up employment as a pharmacist. Two weeks after his arrival he drives through a little village during a fierce thunder-storm, slithers on the rain-greased ruts, and kills a goat. There is great consternation in the village. Moses is willing to pay for the goat, but not as much as the villagers demand. Let the matter be settled by the oracle, say the villagers. The oracle, they tell him, is a god who lives in a box in the house of a priest.

Against his will, because he is emancipated, and because fetish-worship and necromancy appall him, Moses goes with them to the house of the priest. There, set atop a table, he sees a coffin-like box, with its lid tightly shut. The priest then outlines the dispute to the oracle, and the invisible oracle, from the depths of the box, answers in a thin little voice. Moses thinks at first that he is watching a ventriloquist at work, but when, at the end, he lingers after all the others have left, he suddenly hears again the thin voice, crying desperately, "Let me free!"

The creature who emerges from the box, shaking with panic, its body stunted, its face swollen and puffy, is hardly human at all. Moses allows the creature to escape through the window, and when he himself gets back to his car, it is there already. The first thing the creature does is to bless Moses' name, and then it tells him that it is Godman Pira, a dwarf, one of the "pirafo" who used to be court jesters to the kings of Ashanti. He has always, Godman says sadly, belonged to someone, but now he wants to be a man.

And so Godman Pira has won freedom. He wants Moses, his deliverer, to protect him and to teach him the ways of the world. "Soon I will know everything about how to live as a man."

But that turns out to be more difficult than Godman had at first supposed. The big city frightens him and he clings to Moses. When Moses tries to make him leave his rooms, Godman begs to be allowed to stay. He will be no trouble, he says. He will wash clothes and cook food for Moses, if only he be allowed to stay. For if he were turned out, he cries, he would die. "Oh, the pity—to be freed only to die like a mouse—" And so he stays.

Slowly and very beautifully, and without any straining for effect, the story gathers around itself allegorical and symbolic overtones. It is an existential story, and it deals essentially with the birth of a personality, and with the trials and tribulations which the naked creature has to undergo before it emerges, however tentatively, however gropingly, as a human being, as a god-man.

At first it seems as if Godman had merely exchanged masters. There is, however, a significant difference between the priest who owned him and Moses. For the relationship between Godman and the priest was that of master and slave. The relationship that now develops between Godman and his liberator Moses is a feudal relationship—the relationship between a lord and his loyal serf. In return for protection, Godman serves Moses. Godman is on the whole content with this arrangement. It does represent freedom to him, for when Moses impatiently tells him that there is more to freedom than not living in a box, Godman answers, "You would not think so if you had ever lived in a box." It is in fact the free Moses who begins to resent Godman's dependence, especially when he is made to realize that in a subtle, but nonetheless very real way he is exploiting Godman, because he is using him without paying him for his services. What is even more important, Moses, newly emancipated himself, does not want to be the master of any man. He is therefore determined to cut the cord that is already binding master and man in a subtly corrupting relationship, and he therefore orders Godman to leave. He sets him free a second time. In vain Godman protests that he is not ready for that wider freedom, and that he will die without a protector. Moses tells him that no one is ever ready, and he assures him that he will not die. And so Godman finds himself alone and afraid in the dark night. He has been a slave, he has been a serf, and now he is at last free.

When Moses sees him again about a year later, Godman has joined a travelling side-show, and exhibiting himself as the smallest man alive, hundreds of years old.

So that, then, is what Godman has made of his freedom. He has degraded himself. Moses is disgusted, for he thinks that what change there has been, has been for the worse. But when he speaks to Godman, he finds that there has indeed been a change, but that it has not been for the worse. To begin with, Godman makes him realize that no man can change his essential condition. A dwarf cannot change into a giant. But what has Godman, tangled in the folds of necessity, really done with his freedom?

Moses Adu is moved when Godman tells him how

he struggled first of all to keep alive, how he "ate cat, and slept cold, and shrivelled in the sun like a seed," how he pined and begged, and lived with lepers. And Moses sees that Godman has emerged out of this darkness as a human being with a new kind of dignity. Godman tells him that no one really believes he is hundreds of years old, but he makes people laugh. He is a jester. He practices again the art of his ancestors, and there is nothing of which he need be ashamed.

"You have done well," Moses said slowly.

"At first I did not see it, but now I see it."

Godman shrugged.

"I have known the worst and the worst and the worst," he said, "and yet I live. I fear and fear, and yet I live."

"No man," Moses said gently, "can do otherwise."

I have written at some length about "Godman's Master," not only because it moved me deeply, but also because it contains, in its essence, the central theme which emerges from Margaret Laurence's short stories and from her recently published first novel, *This Side Jordan**, and because in many ways "Godman's Master" is the finest, the most complex of her writings, even if one includes her admirable novel, of which I shall speak presently.

THE SETTING OF Mrs. Laurence's tales is primarily Ghana, but by implication all of emergent Africa. Freedom, therefore, both as an abstract concept and as something very tangible and immediate, preoccupies all her characters. Many of these people are of course illiterate tribesmen suddenly pitched into the twentieth century. To make the concepts of freedom and independence at all comprehensible, they must translate them into something easily grasped. To one, independence means that every citizen will own a car, and he states his preference—he wants an Opel Kapitän. To Mammii Ama, a big, good-natured market woman in a story called "A Gourdful of Glory" (*Tamarack Review*, Autumn, 1960) freedom means that every market woman will be a queen and that bus rides will be free. But when one of her more realistic friends tells her that even after Independence Day they will go on haggling over tuppence just as before, Mammii Ama moves beyond the immediately tangible. "'Free-Dom—it's like the sun,' she cried. 'You have to crawl out of the river mud or you can't see it.'" Nonetheless, she is disappointed when she has to go on paying for her bus rides even after Independence Day, but at the end of the story, after an encounter with a white woman, when her pride is so aroused that she is even willing to sacrifice very badly needed money, she has a glimpse of what is really at stake, and she suddenly sees, however hazily, that what is involved in freedom is the dignity of the human person, and she rejoices because she and her people have stood up.

For the more conscious of Mrs. Laurence's characters freedom and dignity are inseparable, and they define freedom essentially in terms of dignity. It is because he thinks that Godman has betrayed that dignity that Moses Adu is at first angry with him, and in "The Merchant of Heaven" (*Prism*, September, 1959), the most conventional, the most Maugham-like of Mrs.

*THIS SIDE JORDAN: Margaret Laurence; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 282; \$4.00 cloth, \$2.50 paper.

Laurence's stories, an African artist, in a rather obvious assertion of the essential unity of the human race, shocks a smug missionary by painting Jesus as an African. In *This Side Jordan*, the central character, the teacher Nathaniel Amegbe, must first of all liberate himself, and that means that he must discover a way which will make it possible for him to accept the new without wholly rejecting the old, for he realizes that only then can he become free. In *This Side Jordan* freedom is thus synonymous with the awakening of consciousness.

This Side Jordan is the story of a birth. On the broadest level it concerns the birth of a nation, Ghana. On the level of the individual personality it deals with the birth of self-awareness, and on the very simplest level it deals with the birth of two babies, one black and the other white. The two central women characters, Miranda Kestoe and Aya Amegbe, are pregnant when we first see them, and Mrs. Laurence constantly draws attention to their condition, so that it comes as a real relief when, in the same hospital and sharing the same room, they are at last delivered.

The birth of the nation means the death of the old order. It means the death not only of European domination, but also the death of the tribal world. To the men still owing allegiance to the old world, whether European or African, the new world is thus an abomination, a monster. Undoubtedly, the birth of the country is painful, confused, sometimes absurd. Very fallible human beings must bring it about. For most people are not introspective idealists like Nathaniel Amegbe, though he, too, God knows, is fallible and confused, and stumbles, and is touched by corruption. There are opportunists, pimps masquerading as schoolmasters, there are the cynical and the worldly-wise. And yet, somehow things move—like a swollen river, haphazard, often out of control, and yet massively moving.

Borne along on this often chaotic current, the individual must find his bearings. For Nathaniel Amegbe it means first of all that he must find out who he is. He must begin the conquest of his own inadequacy and of his sense of fear. Thus he is a tortured man, standing between two worlds. He welcomes the freedom which the new world offers him, but at the same time he finds that he cannot totally reject the old world of the tribe and its values. He cannot reject his father, the old tribal drummer, and all the things in which his father believed, without doing violence to his own self. In order that he may retain his sense of worth as a human being (and freedom without this sense is meaningless), he must assimilate the old into the new. "There must be pride and roots, O my people," he thinks. The prophet who wishes to lead his people into the future must first know where they have been. The roots of the past are still strong, and there are times when they pull him back, but in the end, if only for the sake of the child about to be born, Amegbe decides that he must stay where he is and take his own uncertain, tortured steps into a very uncertain future, to cross, like Joshua, at last the river Jordan, and return again to his own land and take possession of it and enjoy it. He comes to realize also that, whatever his inadequacies, he is needed. And ironically, the man who makes him realize his own worth is Abraham Mensah, a mountebank posing as educator, but paradoxically also the patriarch who wants to see his people enter the promised land of independence and freedom.

As a counterpart to Nathaniel Amegbe, but also, within the pattern of the novel, as a variation on the theme of self-discovery, Mrs. Laurence introduces Johnnie Kestoe, a young man who has risen from the London gutter and is ready to claw his way to the top even if it involves the betrayal of his closest co-workers. Freedom for Kestoe is synonymous with power and status, and the means by which this freedom is attained do not matter. He has therefore nothing but contempt for other human beings, especially for Africans, since such contempt is necessary if he is to mask his own sense of inadequacy and rise to the top. But in the course of the novel he, too, is forced to come to terms with his own past in order to free himself from the ghosts which haunt him. And he does have a moment of searing insight when the despised Africans suddenly become human to him, and that insight releases some springs of humanity within himself, and so in a sense, if only for a moment, he is liberated from the prison of the self. In her development of Kestoe, however, Mrs. Laurence does not give herself enough room, and so the forces that drive him are made too explicit and are thus of necessity simplified.

Certain elements in *This Side Jordan* are familiar and follow a pattern which one has come to expect in novels of its kind: the juxtaposition of the old and the new; the crude attitude of the "superman" whites to the emerging Africans; the self-consciousness, the feelings of inferiority, the sense of inadequacy of certain of the sensitive African intellectuals; the attempt by some well-meaning people, notably Kestoe's wife, to bridge the gulf between the two peoples, but their inability of making fruitful and meaningful contact. Mrs. Laurence's writing is always sure and controlled, however, and even when she is using familiar patterns, there is never any doubt that she is a serious writer trying to come to grips with a complex reality. Ultimately what is impressive about her writing is her affirmation, without any sentimentality, of the essential dignity of the human personality. In the finest sense of that word, she is a humanist.

Five Poems

GEORGE BOWERING

PREVENTORIUM

Right,
It is hard to form a thought
With the crooked ice stuck in your belly.
I should have suspected something
When I saw her knocking down icicles.
But how easy to have hindsight,
With variable body temperature
(From thirty-one degrees in the belly
To two hundred and eleven in the cerebrum),
And the intelligence
That I am glacially immunized
Against sex.

HOUSE OF COMMONS

"There's a woman screaming in 402."

"No doubt a victim of Providence.
Have you got any ideas
On the Chant Commission report?"

THE LADY AND THE LOVE

Yes, to you it is a little tin whistle
Found on a windowsill,
A thing to play upon clumsily, distracted,
Then to lay upon the bookcase.

I have heard you trying tinny notes,
Thin notes piercing into and across the room,
And I have seen the unguarded blank face
You wear while you are failing a tune.

I have seen you try the flimsy skin
Of the toy flute. I have felt
A tentative crushing of my body
As your impatient fingers nearly flattened it.

The song is for you a tin curiosity.
"I love music," you sigh, "I wish I could play.
To think that an entire song can be played
On such a flimsy insignificant little toy."

POEMILLA

Levering my stare
From Dudek's book
I looked
through the window of the bus
& saw the sunlight
evaporating downtown Vancouver
& muttered till we stopped at the Bay
where I could buy a 3c pencil
& relief.

HAMLET

I see Hamlet a Scandinavian born with a glass pate.
Reflections, mirrors of confusion and vitreous pain
Like rain splats in the moonlight of a ghostly shine.
And all the kingly buffetting splintering glass fine.

Transparent suffering of a son weaned too late—
Great crystalline rays of cold Danish sun bled
Through glass, plexy murmurings of a stilletoed brain,
And sickly nurtured hate for politicians with beards.

The throne as a place to sit down and ruminate
Over the fate of dreadful families and brown skulls,
And madness a political device, like jetblack mane
Or curtained trysts with queens and senile gulls.

I see Hamlet in a play within the play within,
And his problem a glassy meditative sin—
In stooping to see his face in shattered glass,
He let a thousand ghostly fathers pass.

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Hutterite Separatism and Public Tolerance

JOHN A. HOSTETLER

► THE HUTTERITES, who live on communally owned farms called Bruderhofs or colonies, are Christians whose faith requires them to own property and land in common. The sect originated in Tyrol and Moravia in the sixteenth century, and after wandering from one country to another to flee persecution they came from the Ukraine to South Dakota in 1874-79. In 1918 they began to settle in the prairie provinces. Their agricultural colonies, each maintaining 75 to 125 persons, total about 120 in all of North America. Fifty-six colonies are located in Alberta, with others in Saskatchewan, Manitoba, South and North Dakota, Montana, and Washington.

One of the most basic human rights—the right to the enjoyment of land—has virtually been taken from 5,000 native-born citizens of Alberta. An Alberta law, known as the Communal Property Act, prohibits the sect from acquiring new sites for colonies without a public hearing held by a Communal Property Board. The Board in turn makes a recommendation to the Executive Council of the Legislature, which may approve or reject the sale of land to Hutterites. Since the law was enacted one new colony has been approved out of nine applications made by the Hutterites. This law reflects a widespread Canadian attitude.

Much of what the public holds to be true of Hutterites is based upon erroneous information or prejudice. People have told me they are Marxists, that they do hostile acts like burning the farm buildings of neighbors, that they pay no taxes, that the government provides them with free land, that they have a high rate of mental illness—all of which are false. It is a sociological truism that wherever we find a minority that lives in relative isolation, we find more than the usual misconceptions. Groups that are "different" are regarded as a threat by other groups, especially when there is economic competition between them. Under such conditions, misconceptions, rumors, and scapegoating are most often observed.

Unlike some Christians today, the Hutterites hold that communal ownership of property is essential to being Christian. This belief is based on the example of the early Christians who "had all things in common and parted them to all men as every man had need." While Christians in the West have tended to equate Christianity with the "free enterprise system," the Hutterites have made "the community of goods" central to their religion. Their economic sharing requires that no wages be paid to an individual. Each member works according to his ability. In a common dining hall he eats his meals prepared by women in rotation. In case of sickness and death the individual has no financial worries or risks. The Hutterites abhor revolution and politics. Their faith requires them not to defend either self or country.

But not all resistance to the Hutterites can be dismissed as religious prejudice. The law which restricts them reflects three fundamental dislikes of Hutterites: they are prolific, they are efficient, and they are different.

The fertility rate of Hutterite colonies is among the highest of all human groups. The average size of "com-

pleted" families is from seven to ten children. Women living in 1950, according to Joseph Eaton, had on the average a probability of having twelve children if they were married during their eighteenth year and lived with their spouse through the end of the fertility period. In the year 1949 there were 38.6 Hutterite births per 1,000 population as compared to 22.1 among white rural people in the United States. The annual increase of the population is 4.1 per cent with the population doubling every sixteen years. Although the rate is high, it is no higher than the rate for the American Indians and some other minorities. Adult Hutterites live long, and unlike the Canadian population as a whole, the men tend to outlive their wives. Hutterite population is predominantly youthful, as over 60 per cent of the population is under age 15.

The conditions for favorable population growth among Hutterites are attributed by population experts to several factors. Hutterites take seriously the Biblical admonition to "Be fruitful and multiply." Methods of contraception are taboo. Hutterite parents have assurance of economic support for as many children as they can biologically conceive. Assistance in caring for children is never lacking in a communal colony. The Hutterites have an overall low mortality. The sect has no taboos against securing proper medical care and treatment and is financially capable and willing to secure surgery or hospitalization services when needed. There is little separation of husband and wife during the fertility period. Few members desert the colony life, and many who "try the world" make amends and return.

Hutterites are among the most efficient producers of livestock and crops in Canada. Their land holdings average 58 acres per person while the Alberta farm population to land ratio is one person to 122 acres. Many who live near them envy their prosperity. The Hutterites brought time-honored agricultural skills to the New World.

Hutterites today live about as frugally and with as few personal comforts as they did in the sixteenth century. But in the use of farm machines and agricultural tools they are modern and fully as advanced as are their neighbors. The small, one-family farm cannot compete against a corporation with abundant cheap labor, using the most modern machinery to till the land. Production of goods in a colony is maintained on a high level. Grain raising, dairying, beef cattle, poultry, and hog raising provide a diversity of food for colony consumption and for cash sales. Honey, vegetables, fruits, smoked hams, and well-stocked larders provide the basic food supply. Power equipment including caterpillar tractors, trucks, combines and electrical machines are found in all colonies. Sect members are adept at welding, repairing, or even making their own machines and tools.

Each colony manager, authorized by the vote of the members, handles all the funds, holds the keys to the community storehouse, and arranges all the work of the members. Under him are departments with bosses in charge of special occupational phases: the farm boss for the work in the fields, the cattle boss, the hog boss, the poultryman, the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the carpenter, and the mechanic. Among the women there are kitchen and garden bosses. The only occasion for using money at all is for direct purchases from the outside world. They purchase coffee, salt, dry-goods, leather,

and farm machinery at the most favorable prices and often from wholesale sources.

Hutterites are not tax free, as widespread rumor would have it. They pay all taxes required of them, including special taxes with respect to schools. But whether the Hutterites file as "religious or charitable" organizations, as corporations, or as persons, the amount they would have to pay is probably less than most people of any category. The reason is obvious. They live by a production rather than a cash economy. Hutterites make their own shoes, their own clothes, stockings, furniture. They spend no money for passenger cars and their upkeep, for weekend excursions, radios or TV sets, and little for personal travel and comfort, and nothing for indoor plumbing. Most of the colony income goes for capital expenditures and for the improvement of soil and property.

The third factor that accounts for widespread attitudes supporting restrictive legislation is separatism. Hutterites have a demonstrated record of cultural survival surpassed by no other Reformation sect. Of over sixty communal societies that have been tried in North America only the Hutterite system survives, because they want to exist peacefully within the larger society but do not want to become absorbed into it.

The social relations within the colonies reflect little exposure to outsiders. Infants are cared for in communal kindergartens where they learn Hutterite doctrine and scripture (all in Tyrolean-German) until they reach public school age. When the child enters the English school he need not leave the colony environment. The sect builds its own school building adjacent to the colony and the teacher is appointed by the provincial school board. By the time the child reaches school age he is well fortified and "set" in his native mores and culture. Instruction in the German language continues throughout the elementary school period, and at the age of fifteen all Hutterite pupils discontinue schooling.

Separatism is perpetuated not only by the geographic isolation of the colony site from nearby towns and by the use of the German language and by a colony "controlled" educational experience, but also by the number of persons per colony. Decision-making in any human group is facilitated by a minimum of persons. The Hutterites have learned that colonies become unmanageable if they become too large, and so each colony forms a "daughter" colony when the total number reaches well over 100. In a colony of 100 persons, about sixty people are under fifteen years of age and twenty of the remaining are women, and women have no voting privileges. Colony decisions, as in the sixteenth century, are made by the voting male membership, numbering probably from nine to twelve persons. It is easier to get consensus with a small number than with a large number, especially when the two most important positions, "Preacher" and "Financial Manager," articulate the wishes of the group. All financial transactions are made by the manager only upon the vote of the male membership. No tractor, combine, or equipment of any kind is secured without the vote of the church body.

Social change within a colony is dealt with by deliberate voting decisions. Each colony is economically autonomous. Religious life is not governed by any outside hierarchy, although the colony maintains kinship and informal ties with others. When colony rules are violated widely, Hutterite leaders seek to change the

colony rule before it produces too many law-breakers and weakens respect for colony life. In this way a certain amount of change has been incorporated into their social system without destroying the beliefs, sentiments, and goals of the colony. Thus the Hutterites have been able to avoid splintering into many hair-splitting factions as have the Amish and the Mennonites and other groups. Most persons within a colony do not aspire to become outsiders. Economic security has divine sanction and there are almost no intellectual problems that remain unsolved for the sect member.

Are the Hutterites neighborly and are they good citizens? The experience of some farm people is that they are poor neighbors. The experience of others attests to years of purchasing expertly clean and superior quality products from them. Some colony leaders show more discretion and responsibility than others. The cleanliness, grooming, and general appearance of one colony may differ a great deal from another. Colony managers who take advantage of their position and who do an inadequate job of satisfying the personal needs of their members give rise to pilfering in nearby villages. It is perhaps unfair to generalize about Hutterites except to say that they are like all people: there are "good" and "bad" persons in all places where we find the human species.

Those who advance legal reasons for restricting Hutterite expansion sometimes suggest that the Hutterites are aliens or not citizens of Canada because they do not take up arms and do not vote. The concept of citizenship differs widely among the population in any free country. The Hutterites have some qualities that fit most concepts of good citizenship. They obey all laws except those that conflict with their fundamental faith. They pay all taxes levied and have an excellent record as solvent tax payers. They improve the soil and their wealth stays in the land. They are quiet and orderly. They do not become public charges but care for their own aged and disabled. All can speak English in addition to German. They do not hoard wealth but invest it in land, equipment, and buildings. Their agricultural know-how can transform wastelands into very productive lands. The Hutterites possess a folk culture that is rich in primitive crafts, folksongs, rhymes, proverbs, riddles, and common-sense knowledge. They have no foreign or nationalistic loyalties.

On the other hand, if conscripted for war, the Hutterites, like the Friends and Mennonites, would not enter the armed services for reasons of conscience and religion. They would go to work camps for conscientious objectors as they did in past wars. Their faith requires that they forego their possessions and their lives rather than kill or engage in acts of violence. In this regard they are different from the society around them.

What prospects lie ahead for a separatist group that is disliked for its population expansion, its economic and productive efficiency, and its cultural separatism?

It is ironical in a country with as much land-room as Canada that any people should be denied the right to own land, or that a people with a very high productive capacity in a country that encourages initiative cannot be economically tolerated. The solution perhaps most often advocated is to assimilate the Hutterites into the wider society. But this is no easy solution in a free

society and perhaps a dubious goal if one takes the United Nations Charter seriously. No nation has yet succeeded in assimilating the Hutterites by direct pressure. The opposite has generally been true. The greater the pressure and discrimination, the more intensified becomes the psychological distance between them and society.

All sects see reality in a black-white relationship. Conformity to the ingroup means security. In a truly sectarian society alternate choices do not exist. When the Hutterites are told by the school or government to integrate, the sect members see only black. If integration means giving up their fundamental community and faith, they see no alternative. If integration means to hear and see Elvis Presley, or to own land as families instead of communally, or to dance with others in the community, the Hutterites see only insecurity. Not many Hutterites covet the life of the outsider, and until they do the problem will remain with Canada.

The ultimate working solution will come by voluntary participation of sect members in the wider society. A democratic country can do much to encourage these conditions. Increasing informal association between colonies and the wider society will provide alternatives for sect members. This is probably inevitable in the future. Although regulations of some kind may be essential, more discrimination and restrictive legislation would only postpone the process. There are some indications that the black-white reality is beginning to change to different shades of grey in some colonies.

Future provincial and national policy in respect to Hutterites would do well to utilize all the knowledge it can get from the social sciences. Law-makers are confronted with pressure groups, and the facts in the case just do not speak for themselves. Whether the Hutterites should be restricted to own about 1 per cent of the arable land in Alberta (as they do at present) or be permitted to expand is a question of opinion, but this opinion deserves all the evidence it can get from the social sciences.

Both academic and administrative groups would benefit from further research. The antagonism between the majority and minority is a function of social distance. What factors will bring about less antagonism? What conditions will bring about desirable alternative choices in persons who no longer see reality as black or white? What is the cost in the depletion of natural resources for maintaining struggling, inefficient one-family farms? How can minority groups, including the Indian, Eskimo, Metis, and other ethnic groups, borrow that which is best from the surrounding culture without bringing debauchery and deterioration, as they put aside their traditional values? These are some of the problems which anthropologists, sociologists, and others can help solve if given research funds and opportunity.

M. R. HALDI, B. Comm.

PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

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15 U.B.

A PANTOMIME BY JACK WINTER

FIGURES

The Milkman
The Woman in the White Dress
The Unshaven Man
The Woman in the White Robe
The Man in the Loin Cloth
The Man in the White Suit
The Man in the White Uniform
The Man in Black
The Old Man in Gray

*The time signals are arbitrary.
Directions are to the audience's
left and right.*

The curtains part slowly (they are not raised). The stage is unlit. After 15 seconds the lights go on suddenly and all together.

The stage is bare and startling with white light. The floor is white and the backdrop is white. The wings are slanted in toward the centre of the backdrop so that each of the 7 practical doors which constitute the wings (3 in R wing, 4 in L wing) is individually apparent to the audience. Except for the last UL, the doors are identical: each is white with a black handle and with black curtains in its single small window. The last door UL is black with a red handle and with red curtains in its window.

There is no action for 30 seconds. Then, accompanied by a loud squeaking of pulleys, the huge black bomb is lowered a notch dead-centre from the flies so that only the tip of its red warhead is visible under the overhead drop curtain. (Every time the bomb is lowered another notch during the progress of the play there is a loud squeaking of pulleys.) There is no action for 15 seconds. The bomb is lowered another notch.

After another 15 seconds of motionless tableau, the Milkman enters. He wears a white uniform and carries a rack of white milk bottles. His hands and face are also stark white. As he moves, he leaves a trail of black footprints. (Each of the other characters will leave a similar trail during his perambulations until, by the end of the play, the white stage will be thoroughly criss-crossed by footprints.) Beginning DR and continuing UR, then crossing to DL and moving UL, he places one milk bottle precisely in front of each door. Occasionally he rearranges a bottle to make certain that it is exactly in front of the middle of the door, sometimes stepping back to appraise the effect.

When the Milkman arrives at the last door UL, he has 9 bottles left in his rack. After some thought, he arranges these in front of the door in the pattern of a square with one in the center. Stepping back, he considers and then rearranges them into a circle around the center bottle. Stepping back, he considers and then moves forward, stoops, and picks up the central one as if to rearrange the pattern again. As he begins to straighten up, the bomb is lowered another notch. He freezes, then slowly turns straightening. Still gripping the bottle he runs to centre stage gaping up at the bomb.

After 15 seconds, the bomb is lowered another notch. He drops the bottle and dashes off LD. Out of the broken bottle oozes a thick red liquid (somewhat of the consistency of oil) which forms a neat red pool dead-centre. (During the progress of the play certain characters pass through this pool thus mingling red with their otherwise black footprints.)

At the sound of the breaking bottle, all the doors except the black one open simultaneously. From each doorway slowly emerges a figure dressed in a white bathrobe. The figures stare first at one another and then at the red pool in centre stage. The bomb is lowered another notch. At the sound each turns without looking up and scurries back through his doorway. The doors slam shut simultaneously.

At the sound of the door-slams the black door opens. A man wearing a black tunic enters. His hands, face, and legs are white. He looks at his milk bottles. He looks at the red pool in centre stage. He walks to centre stage and stands in the middle of the pool looking down. He stoops, dips his right index finger into the pool, sniffs at and then licks his finger. He nods his head. As he is beginning to straighten up, the bomb is lowered another notch. He freezes, then slowly straightens and stands gaping upward at the bomb. The bomb is lowered another notch. He turns and runs through his doorway. The door slams.

At the sound of the door-slam the other doors open and the other figures step slowly out. They contemplate the black footprints leading from the black door to the puddle and back to the door. As they turn to stare at one another, the black door opens. The man in black emerges carrying a small red stool. He runs to centre stage, sets up the stool dead-centre in the pool, and sits down on it gaping upward at the bomb.

The other figures stare at the man in black and then stare at one another. The bomb is lowered another notch. At the sound the other figures turn without looking up, and scurry back through their doorways. The doors slam shut simultaneously. The man in black remains seated gaping upward at the bomb.

Almost immediately the first door DR opens. Out scurries a small, plump woman in a matronly white dress. She wears gloves and a white hat which overflows with simulated spring flowers. She carries a long white burning candle. The man in black watches her. She stops short of the puddle, kneels, blows a kiss to the man in black, and reaches out to hand him the burning candle. He rises and walks to the edge of the pool. He takes the candle and returns to his stool. The woman in the white dress plucks an orange flower from her hat and throws it at him. She blows another kiss, rises, and scurries back through her doorway. The door slams shut.

The man in black stoops, dips the thumb and index finger of his right hand into the pool and snuffs out the candle. He then stoops and picks up the simulated flower. He carefully brushes the red liquid from its petals and smells the flower. He nods and carefully places the flower and the candle in the pool beneath his stool. He sits on his stool, gaping upward at the bomb. The bomb is lowered another notch.

The second door R opens. An unshaven man wearing a tattered, white, belt-less robe which is thoroughly begrimed enters. The man in black watches him. The unshaven man shuffles to the edge of the pool and

painfully kneels. From the pocket of his robe he takes a huge comb with several teeth missing. He dips the comb into the pool and, using the surface of the pool for a mirror, he combs his hair and stubble. He puts the comb back into his pocket. He washes his hands and face in the pool. As he painfully begins to rise, the bomb is lowered another notch. He freezes, then slowly straightens looking upward at the bomb. He turns and stares at the man in black. He spits into the pool. He turns and shuffles back through his doorway. The door slams shut.

Immediately the last door UR opens. The man in black stares at it. After 15 seconds, a young woman slowly enters. She is dressed in a floor-length white robe which is tightly belted and which bulges impossibly at the breast and hips. She walks sinuously to the edge of the pool and stands staring at the man in black. They stare at each other for 15 seconds. The man in black stands and slowly walks toward her. He stops in front of her and they stare at each other for 15 seconds. The woman in the white robe raises her arms toward him. The man in black stoops and sweeps her up into his arms. He carries her to the stool and sits with her on his lap and with his back to the audience. Slowly the woman in the white robe raises her right arm as if to touch the bomb. It is too high and she drops her arm. The bomb is lowered another notch and she raises her right arm as if to touch it. It is still too high and she drops her arm. The bomb is lowered another notch and the man in black quickly stands with the woman in his arms. He places her firmly on her feet. She raises and looks at the hem of her robe which is now red with the liquid. With dazzling speed she slaps the man in black three times across the face. The man in black sits down hard on the stool. With the hem of her robe raised she backs to the edge of the pool. She stands outside the rim of the pool and stares at the man in black. The bomb is lowered another notch. She turns without looking up and slowly walks through her doorway. She leaves a trail of red. The door shuts quietly. The man in black gazes upward at the bomb.

The first door LD opens, and a man wholly painted red enters. The man in black watches him. The man painted red wears only a white loin cloth and he carries two black stools. He walks to the edge of the pool and inverts the two stools. He sits on the rungs of one stool. He beckons the man in black to sit on the rungs of the other stool. The bomb is lowered another notch. Both gaze upward at it. The bomb is lowered another notch and both gaze upward at it. The bomb is lowered another notch and the man in black stares at the man in the loin cloth who is gaping at the bomb. The bomb is lowered another notch. The man in the loin cloth, still gaping upward at the bomb, beckons the man in black to sit on the rungs of the second inverted stool. The man in black stands and walks toward the man in the loin cloth. He stops at the edge of the pool and stares at the man in the loin cloth. The bomb is lowered another notch and the man in the loin cloth, still gaping upward at the bomb, reaches out his right hand to the man in black. The man in black slowly reaches out his right hand to the man in the loin cloth and begins to move to the second inverted stool. The man in the loin cloth glances at the red thumb and index finger of the man in black and leaps to his feet,

knocking over his stool. The man in black recoils. The bomb is lowered another notch. The two men continue to stare at each other. The man in black crouches and bathes his right hand in the pool. He straightens and offers his right hand to the man in the loin cloth. The man in the loin cloth recoils, staring at the hand. The bomb is lowered another notch. The man in the loin cloth, still staring at the hand, gropes for and picks up the two stools. He slowly backs through his doorway. The door slams. The man in black returns to his stool. He sits gaping upward at the bomb.

The second door L opens and a tall, ruddy man in a neat white suit walks briskly behind the man in black to the edge of the pool. He carries a white briefcase in one hand. The man in black turns and watches him. The man in the white suit carefully places his briefcase on the floor outside the rim of the pool. He opens it, takes out of it a typewritten document, closes the briefcase and stands erect reading the document. He turns and strides through his doorway. He reappears carrying the document in one hand and a long forked stick in the other. He stands beside the pool and reads the document. He folds the document, opens the brief-case, places the document in the brief-case, and closes the brief-case. He places the fork of the stick against the back of the bomb and tries to push the bomb outward toward the audience. The bomb doesn't move. He stops, rests, places the fork of the stick against the back of the bomb, and tries again to push it outward toward the audience. The bomb is lowered another notch. The man in the white suit quickly removes the stick. He places it on the floor, opens the brief-case, takes out the document, and closes the brief-case. He consults the document for 15 seconds. He picks up the stick and, with the document in one hand and the stick in the other, he places the stick against the back of the bomb. Consulting the document, he tries to push the bomb outward toward the audience. The bomb is lowered a notch, the stick slips off the bomb, the man in the white suit falls to his knees catching himself on his hands up to the wrists in the red pool. He jumps up, leaving the document and stick in the pool, and stares at his red hands. The bomb is lowered several notches at once. He looks up at the bomb, turns, and runs through his doorway. The door is slammed shut. Immediately the door is reopened. The man in the white suit runs to the edge of the pool, picks up his brief-case and forked stick, and runs back through his doorway. The door is slammed shut.

The man in black rises and picks up the document. He carefully brushes the red liquid from it and scrutinizes it. He nods and carefully places it under his stool. He sits on his stool gaping upward at the bomb. The bomb is lowered another notch. (The tip of the bomb is now only a yard above the head of the man in black.) He lowers his head and gazes at the audience. Slowly he raises his red right hand as if to touch the tip of the bomb.

The third door L flies open. A man in a white uniform strides quickly to the edge of the pool. The man in black stops just short of touching the bomb and watches him. The man in uniform takes a large black gun from his pocket. He offers it to the man in black. The man in black drops his right arm. The man in uniform throws the gun to the man in black who catches it. The man in black examines the gun. He stares at the man in uniform. Staring at the man in uniform, the man in black points

the gun at the side of his own head. The man in uniform nods. The man in black turns and stares at the gun pointing at his head. He turns and stares at the man in uniform. The man in uniform nods. The bomb is lowered another notch. Slowly the man in black raises the gun to point it at the bomb. The man in uniform freezes. He plunges through the pool and snatches the gun from the man in black. The man in uniform looks down at his red shoes and splattered uniform. He turns and dashes through his doorway. He leaves a trail of red. The door slams.

The man in black gazes upward at the bomb. After 15 seconds, he lowers his head and stares at the audience. After 15 seconds, he slowly raises his red right hand to touch the bomb. All the doors (except the black one) open. The man in black freezes, starting at the audience. A hand at each door reaches out and snatches in the milk bottle. The doors slam shut simultaneously. The man in black stares for 15 seconds at the audience. He touches the bomb. The lights go out suddenly and all together. After 15 seconds, the curtains draw slowly together.

Instead of curtain calls, the curtains part on a bare stage lit as before. A stooped old man with a knee length gray beard and wearing a shapeless robe of gray shuffles about engrossed in a slow, methodical mopping up of the black and red footprints. After 30 seconds, the curtains close again. There are no curtain calls.

MALT SHOP

In the centre of the floor
the cunning box
swallows our dimes
and spits back
deep electric thunder,
thudding and syncopated
into a twitching neurasthenic frenzy.

On the mag racks
slick shiny covers splash
colour,
collapse on each other
with Kim and Rick
and Rock and Dick

and over there,
little red daubs
of bottled glamour
shine and sparkle
in the eyes
of our giggling rubber-plated steadies.
These booths
a refuge
to smoke to sip to pet. . . .

For two months
the tolerant Jew
behind the counter
endures us;
Searching his greasy
stubble, he frowns
at these blond adolescents,
this idle generation—
Outside,
boiling August
hums and
smiles among the trees.

Roy MacSkimming

MRS. PERDITA ROBINSON AND THE PRINCE OF WALES

She acted in *The Winter's Tale*
The night the Prince came.
Before the curtains rose
There was talk in the Green-room.

The witty Mr. Smith
Said, to her delight,
"By Jove, Mrs. R.,
You'll win the Prince tonight."

She stood before the royal box
And curtsied to her judge.
In the royal presence
She blushed beneath her rouge.

A stately fairy prince,
Inclined to corpulence,
He looked, he leered, he loved:
She had no defence.

Such beauty in a man
She never saw till now:
A sceptre in his gaze,
An empire in his brow.

His eyes lay on her eyes
Like fingers on her breast.
Condescendingly,
He nodded to her twice.

He wrote her a letter
That was uncommon civil.
She was his shepherd maid,
He was her Florizel.

He sent her his picture
With a paper heart.
Saying that to Perùta
He'd be faithful to death.

They met in Kew gardens
When the moon shone still.
Their midnight conversations
Were always rational.

He wrote her another letter,
Said, "We must meet no more."
She tried to see him,
But was turned from the door.

Walking at Hyde Park Corner,
She saw him pass.
He turned away his head
To avoid her face.

She wrote a mournful poem,
Then dried her tears.
With the brave Colonel Tarleton
She lived sixteen years.

Elizabeth Brewster

Correspondence

The Editor:

Unemployment has become a feature of the Canadian economy, and no effective solution seems to be in sight.

While every year greater numbers swell the statistical number of unemployed, our governments dole out unemployment benefits, winter works programs and relief. These are merely dressed-up variants of the middle thirties dole.

Yet there is something phoney about our unemployment situation. It is difficult to find laboratory technicians and clerk stenographers. When painters, plumbers and electricians are called, they are not around like a flash. One must always wait several days and some never come at all.

It is time therefore that one seriously examined the causes of our current problem. For if the correct cause can be found, it might be possible to develop the cure.

The practical manner of dealing with any problem is first to find out as much as we can about it, secondly to decide on a course of action, thirdly to follow it, and finally to see if the plan is working well or not. These four steps work for any problem, and we could deal with unemployment in the same way.

We will find, first of all, that the unemployed are chiefly unskilled, uneducated and ill-trained men and women. There are too few dentists, medical schools fear they will run short of students, hospitals fight desperately for residents and interns. There are too few nurses, social workers, psychologists, technicians, scientists and artists. Russian universities turn out trained and educated personnel at rates far surpassing ours.

In addition we have the over-employed, the moonlighters, the workers with too short a work week who do their own plumbing, electrical and repair work, thus displacing their brethren in employment.

We will also find that the ability to produce in Canada vastly exceeds the ability to consume. Thus, we have withdrawn a substantial portion of the labor force into the armed services, where they consume lavishly by increasing the rate of wear and tear of equipment, by over-ordering and wasting, and by useless activity when there is any. Finally, in the best of all consumptive techniques, we are shooting our resources into the air or blowing them up. Modern war has become much too risky and should not be used as a means of increasing consumption.

Lastly, there is a terrible shortage of people who can think: Nations treat each other in ways that would land individuals in jail or in mental hospitals.

These are some of the facts.

What can we do about it? Political solutions are useless. The Opposition party always tries to create the impression in the public mind that unemployment is due to some nefarious activity, or lack of activity, of the party in power. The latter, having done this themselves when in Opposition, fall into the same trap and react in desperate, senseless guilt-laden responses.

The solution to our modern dilemma is simply to convert the unskilled to the skilled. Make it compulsory, by a simple act of legislature, for all Canadian

residents to go to school until they are 21 years old. At one stroke this would solve our major problem, for a large proportion of the labor force, between the ages of 13 and 21, will be immediately withdrawn from the labor market.

There would be increased capital expansion in the form of universities, colleges, high schools, trade schools and special facilities for the mentally dull. For the next few years we would have a most useful housing and construction boom.

There would be an increased demand for professors, teachers and other personnel associated with education.

There would eventually be no shortage of professional people, scientists, technicians, engineers.

There would be sufficient educated men to begin to solve some of the real problems facing man.

There will be many who will consider this idea mad but it is no more mad than most of our current attempts. It might be costly but no more so than it is to maintain our armed services, our unemployed and our people on public relief. It was discovered after the war that students were content to study on meager incomes, whereas they would never consider the same rate of pay if they were employed. Thus providing compulsory education for all will not cost much more than giving them the dole.

It may be said that it is unnatural to go to school until the age of 21. But the opposite is true. The age of 16 years or Grade VIII (which is nearer the age of 14) was arbitrarily set when man's average life span was about 45 years. Today the average Canadian may expect to live until age 67. The expected life span has been increased about 50 per cent. Surely the educative years could be increased 50 per cent, to age 21.

It may be said that not everyone can be educated. Not everyone can run the mile in four minutes, either. With special facilities, each person can be educated to his cruising capacity, say 70 per cent of maximum. We would need graduate schools at universities for the specially gifted, professional and technical schools, schools for slow learners and perhaps other very different facilities.

We might also need a different distribution of teachers. Brilliant students would be taught by brilliant teachers; they would challenge each other to bring out the best in each. Teachers intellectually just below normal would teach slow learners; there is little doubt they would be much more understanding and patient since they themselves needed to work hard. Teachers need not be much more intelligent than their students. They need to be much more educated.

The result of our experiment would be simple. Present solutions have not worked. If this does not work, we are no worse off. In fact, whether or not it works we have gained immeasurably, for if it works the problem is solved and if it does not work, we would have built a great educational reservoir, which will improve our nation immeasurably. We cannot lose, we can only gain.

A. HOFFER,
Director, Psychiatric Research,
Department of Public Health,
Province of Saskatchewan,
and F. H. KAHAN

Ballet Review

► I HAVE OFTEN wondered how long the National Ballet could keep it up. Year after year of tours. Year after year of debts and money-raising. Season after season of teaching newcomers an expanding repertory.

Now with its tenth season the NBC shows every sign of becoming a permanent and rewarding institution. With my critic's idealism I have often disapproved of Celia Franca's ways of building a company. Now I am left wondering if her methods were not the only way to foist a ballet company on an indifferent public.

The proof is in the dancing. In the summer of 1951 Celia Franca with a group of budding dancers gave a short performance as part of a Promenade concert, using the name NBC for the first time. By contrast, the recent five-week Toronto season showed the 42-man ensemble in some 23 ballets, five of them by Canadian choreographers. That first performance might have been equalled in quality by several existing ballet groups. This tenth season proved them to be the strongest Canadian company.

I saw 17 of the ballets performed, but I only want to comment in detail about the four newest ones: *Antic Spring*, *The Remarkable Rocket*, *Barbara Allen*, and *Princess Aurora*.

Antic Spring is frankly not an ambitious ballet. The most successful of the lot, it is meant to be diverting and it is. There is real unity in the choreography by Grant Strate, the music by Jacques Ibert and the designs by Mark Negin. All have just the same pertness and gentle mockery.

Mr. Strate has shrewdly exploited the NBC dancers' best mode of expression—humor and free-floating charm—for his tale of a country boy's misadventures in the big wicked city. It doesn't really matter that his three country flowers are intended to make fun of a Victorian ballet tradition. Fortunately for the audience, the exaggerated sweetness and light of the country scene is funny in itself. The city of sin is peopled with tarts (NBC ballets always have tarts), some cops in the key-stone tradition, dandies, and a bride already so bored with her new husband that she leads our poor country boy astray. Angela Leigh is the perfect bride: she has a faultless sense of comic dance rhythm.

Negin's sets, far superior to the usual NBC designs, indicate an English sort of countryside, and a London sort of street, which is only right since the Victorian ballet tradition in Canada was nil. The sets also correspond well with the delicate quality of the choreography.

Barbara Allen is the opposite in most respects: dis-unified, unclear, rugged and ambitious. Perhaps David Adams' biggest mistake was in calling his dance-story *Barbara Allen*, because his plot has little to do with either the song or the play about Barbara Allen, *Dark of the Moon*. To add to the confusion Louis Appelbaum's music was used for a previous NBC ballet called *Barbara Allen*.

Adams has said that he prefers to work with abstract dance ideas rather than a story, and his instincts are right. His choreography doesn't make either the characters or the actions clear, and so even the good individual scenes lose impact. Settings by Kay Ambrose are inexplicably Japanese in inspiration.

There is one big merit in the production: the intense performance by Angela Leigh as Barbara. Blonde-hair flying, eyes wide with excitement and mouth glowing with desire, her performance is both clear and compellingly passionate. There is something unclassic in Miss Leigh's bearing, but even with this handicap she is the most valuable female dancer in the company next to Lois Smith.

A remarkable collaboration between Canadian painter Jack Nichols, Canadian composer Morris Surdin and television choreographer Don Gillies went into *The Remarkable Rocket*. As I understand it Gillies told his cohorts what sort of thing he had in mind, and then proceeded to use the resulting music and costumes to the best possible advantage. The elements of the ballet are traditional; a display is being put on to honor the marriage of a prince and princess; the rocket master in charge of the fireworks falls asleep after making what he needs, and then his fiery creations come to life. But the handling is anything but traditional. It's so novel, in fact, that the ballet strikes me on first sight as a curiosity piece, a novelty.

Princess Aurora is not strictly a new ballet for the NBC. From the early years Miss Franca has been presenting several solo pieces from the full length ballet *The Sleeping Beauty*. Now she has taken most of the third act, something from the first and juggled them around into a showpiece that has neither theme nor story nor logical form. I saw this three times and every time it was an audience pleaser. (It seems that the other favorites of our conservative Toronto audience are *Nutcracker*, *Coppelia* and *Swan Lake*.) I found it simply frustrating. With the exception of Smith and Adams all the soloists had technical difficulties. The NBC dancer smiles and flirts under all difficulties, it's one of their golden rules. My one solid impression of all the dances in all the moods is a smile topping a pair of pink legs.

A word about that faithful pair of dancers Smith and Adams. Miss Smith is above all classical, and romantic in expression. She can dance light or satirical roles, but in a sense she is too strong for them. Besides they are better done by other members of the company. She alone has the discipline and fluidity of line, especially in the arms, to cope with the demanding classical roles. Mr. Adams partners his wife with a devotion that looks like adoration on stage. His partnering is not the prideful sort that says: "Look what a superb creature I have." It's full of a humility that is surprising when you see how assertive and aggressive he is in his own dancing. Mr. Adams has even choreographed a ballet in which he enters bearing Lois Smith on high with her dress falling over his face almost blinding him. This is the height of romantic devotion.

A few short notes on other ballets. *Lilac Garden* is as moving as ever, certainly it's one of the soundest ballets in the repertory. *Offenbach in the Underworld* is running down, and the sets, ugly to begin with, are showing the wear. *Pineapple Poll* continues to be delightful, particularly with Lillian Jarvis and Kenneth Melville in the leads. Sets with the standard of Osbert Lancaster's would do a lot for most of the repertory.

To be more general, the NBC at present has the following strong points: a pas de dix of capable male dancers with a wide range of expression; a repertory that is developing both the technique and range of a goodly

number of soloists, and, most important, A SCHOOL. The six National Ballet School students who danced in *Princess Aurora* made it clear that the company has a bright future. They displayed poise, considerable technique, unity of style and discipline.

The lack of continuity in the members of the NBC, with the resulting loss of unity and discipline, is the company's most serious weakness. The case of Lillian Jarvis makes it evident that constant touring and the back-breaking program in a season is a big deterrent for such dancers as marry.

As I have indicated already, my other big beef is with the production values: settings, costumes and lighting. The touring affects this, I know, but there are designers of merit to be used, and people who know how to light the stage. At least Kay Ambrose no longer has a monopoly on NBC designs.

There has been a sort of race on in Canada between companies wanting to be Canada's most important group. Some of the competing groups have faded away, and we are left with three main companies. The Royal Winnipeg Ballet Company (always the first in presenting new Canadian works), Les Grands Ballets Canadiens in Montreal (the largest part of their repertory is new ballets) and the NBC. The NBC has won the race by a combination of guts, politics and cocktail parties. It is fortunate for us that the runners-up didn't give up.

Now we have a very interesting situation. All the main ballet styles are represented somehow in Canada. Boris Volkoff has trained a large number of dancers in the Russian style. Celia Franca is imbuing her company with the English style. The Royal Winnipeg is closer to the American style and Les Grand Ballets Canadiens are most influenced by French and Russian styles. (There's the influence of television style too, but that's another matter.) All three companies are producing new Canadian works. I wonder which style, or combination of styles will prove the most fruitful in creating our own ballets?

WENDY MICHERER

Film Review

► THE PROMOTION OF a feature film, as distinct from its production, is a world apart. When the director and actors walk off the set for the last time, the producer and distributor meet for the first time to collaborate on the nature of the publicity which will accompany the film they have on their hands. The type of promotion they choose for it will accompany their film from the first press screening, through the premiere and finally to the sale of the television rights. Within short order a feature article on one aspect of it will be written for a national magazine and this will, more often than not, be co-ordinated with its release. An American film might premiere in as many as fifty large cities on the same day and this will be heralded by full-page advertisement in perhaps one hundred and fifty local newspapers. Posters and mimeographed notices will likely be mailed to special interest groups and large associations; radio and television time may be purchased, and trailers will be run along with the previous weeks' films to advertise the new release to the movie-going audience.

Finally, local reviewers will be invited to attend advance screenings, and there they will be presented with promotional material ranging from eight-by-ten glossy stills, screen mats ready for casting, to those interesting items known as Press Books.

The term Press Book is inclined to be misleading, since Press Books are neither books nor are they primarily intended for the press. They are sold by the distributor to local managers at thirty-five cents apiece and they are regarded in the trade as "promotional material" or "selling aids." They are intended as much for use in the industry as for distribution or newspaper reviewers. They range in size from mimeographed sheets, listing little more than the cast and credits, to large multi-colored over-sized pamphlets, closely-packed with excess ballyhoo and examples of extravagant hard-sell.

The Press Book on "Ikiru" is a gigantic thing, over fifteen inches in height, printed in two colors, with eight pages of kaleidoscopic types and illustrations. It gives a bewildering impression of the film to anyone who reads it through, but few pay much attention to all of it. The Book is easy reading, filled with little boxes, photographs, illustrations, stray facts and an amazing assortment of type styles, sizes and logotypes. The most important item, however, is the small box, seldom more than five inches square, giving the complete cast, credits and particulars of production. From this box it is learned that "Ikiru" was produced in Japan by Toho Pictures, was directed by the man responsible for "Rashomon" and "The Magnificent Seven," Akira Kurosawa; it appears with English subtitles and the title of the film is translated as "To Live!" Takashi Shimura plays Watanabe "a municipal official with thirty years of unbroken service behind him who realizes that he is suffering from an incurable disease." Eight other similar cast credits are given.

On the second page, under the heading "What's So Special About 'Ikiru'?", four interesting points of promotion are raised. (1) "The Art of Cinema": "Ikiru" has been acclaimed "all over the world and in the U.S."—here the words "greatest," "masterpiece," "brilliant," "superior," "unique," "artistic" and "exciting" appear in this order and in an irrelevant context. (2) "Contemporary Life": "Ikiru" is not for history fans (although they too will enjoy it) but for everyone because of its contemporary setting "in modern (and still magnificently picturesque) Japan—unparalleled view of postwar everyday life." (3) "A Theme That Affects Every Human": "This picture, more than any other in all motion picture history, deals most movingly with the No. 1 question of living" and "This theme has *personal significance for everyone*. And because it was made by a genius, it shows the bad and the good, and thus is a rounded, full-blooded, exciting motion picture entertainment." (4) "Controversy: Obscene or Highly Moral?": "Let it be known in advance that the N.Y. Customs officials delayed import clearance of a print because they considered that 'part of it was objectionable.' After press coverage of the protest, the picture was released without a frame deleted. The part apparently was the Tokyo night-life section that includes the beautiful and sinuous belly-dance. Is this obscene? Of course not! The ministers of New York would not have supported it if it were obscene. We do see a strip-tease, loose woman, close-dancing, hot jazz capers, etc., but the hero rejects this way of life and decides on a different road."

But there is more. As if this was not sufficient and pointed enough to sell even the worst film, under each of the four headings there is another paragraph, this time entirely in italics, beginning "Therefore." Under (1) the manager is instructed to play up the fine newspaper reviews of "Ikiru" received in the New York *Post* and *Time*, plus the five-month run in the Little Carnegie Theatre in New York. Under (2) the manager should make use of "the present tremendous interest in the Orient, especially Japan"; he should arrange for displays in "bookstores, restaurants, specialty shops, travel agencies, museums, and public libraries." Under (3) the manager is exhorted to "go without hesitation to the leaders and opinion-makers of your community for their full and free cooperation in creating saturation support for this positive and inspiring picture." Finally, under (4) the manager should utilize the favorable publicity that only a censor can give a film—"Don't hide the controversy."

The rest of the "Ikiru" Press Book is less outspoken but equally expressive of the strange machinery behind the promotion of a film. A detailed but unpublished synopsis of the action follows, then a short and absolutely useless study of the style of the director with an "exclusive interview" entitled "Do We Live Our Lives?" Between lead articles there are specimen news releases, which are from two to five paragraphs in length, each slanted from a different but equally controversial angle. They all include the same details but the order of the words is different. They are complete except for the name of the local theatre and the opening date. A large box on page three is boldly entitled in full capitals "Exploitation," and under this the line "Mr. Manager—'Ikiru' Appeals To Millions—Use Its Possibilities." The appeal is again itemized and directed to church groups, civil groups, schools and colleges, with the addition of three unexpected gimmicks. (1) "Stage a Contest for 'The Most Deserving Civil Servant' of Your Town." (2) A "Testimonial Letter" is reproduced from The Protestant Council of the City of New York, signed by someone named Dan M. Potter, attesting to this film's "valuable spiritual significance" and its source for "some excellent sermon ideas." (3) Since 1960 is the year for U.S.-Japan Centennial Celebration, of one hundred years of "diplomatic relations," "Ikiru" could be presented along with "the celebration in your own town."

Except for a two-page spread of favorable newspaper clippings, which can be displayed in the theatre lobby or enlarged and mounted on a poster, the rest of the "Ikiru" Press Book is entitled "Advertising," with reproductions of various ad mats in a variety of sizes and slants, all of which highlight a scantily-clad dancer and a number of evocative phrases from the reviewers.

Happily few distributors or managers take these Press Books seriously; in fact, few bother to read them, although they are brought up to date from time to time with mimeographed notices when the film has received an especially prestigious review or award. As a source of diverse information about the industry itself, Press Books should provide countless film archivists in the future with more facts than they could ever use. "Ikiru" is a particularly fine film but a very difficult one to appreciate because of its slow non-Western pace and its stylized acting. It received the Best Film Award at the 1960 Stratford Foreign Film Festival but, curiously, it was shown under a different title at Stratford four years

ago before the Critics' Circle was established. It has taken the promoters five years to bring it into Canadian circulation.

The Press Book for Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Medium," the first truly "cinematic opera," which was directed by the composer himself, is more of a soft-sell probably because it has fewer commercial possibilities. It is a thirty-two sheet mimeographed booklet and offers a four-page synopsis of the action, plus biographical notes on the leading singers, Anna Marie Alberghetti, Leo Coleman, Marie Powers, and Menotti. Seven loosely-written "Features" follow and these are specimen reviews each slanted from a point of view which is obvious from the first phrases of the leading paragraphs: "Lovers of music will . . ."; "The role that caused Leo Coleman to be singled out . . ."; "Gian-Carlo Menotti, director of the film version of his Broadway smash hit . . ."; "Marie Powers, singing and acting lead in the title role of . . ."; "Inexperience has been turned into an asset in making the film version of . . ."; "Anna Marie Alberghetti, child singing and acting prodigy . . ."; "An American motion picture has been made in Italy, and the purpose was neither to save money nor to use blocked credits . . ." Following this there is a page of "Suggested Quotations for Theatre Front and Ads" ("Cinematic mastery"—New York *Post*; "Brilliant"—*Saturday Review of Literature*) and the book ends with two pages of "Rave Reviews" ("The Medium' haunts the theatre with melody and emotion . . . it is a powerful story"—Otis L. Guernsey, New York *Herald Tribune*).

Press Books afford a quick glimpse into the hucksterism behind the film empire and, indirectly, of the opinion these businessmen have of the public mentality. As someone once said: "When I go to a movie and see trailers for the double feature next week—both telling me that each film is the single greatest achievement of the film industry to date—which one am I to believe?"

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO

Turning New Leaves

► IN MRS. FAIRLEY'S SELECTIONS*, most of which "have not been reprinted until now," William Lyon Mackenzie appears as a Canadian man of letters. His life has been the subject of two spirited biographies, Charles Lindsey's in 1862 and William Kilbourn's (*The Firebrand*) in 1956, both of which were devoted largely to politics. Mackenzie's literary measure, however, could not be taken by the general reader until this generous sampling from his pre-Rebellion works appeared, better late than never, a hundred years after his death.

Some things were bound to be omitted; regrets must be voiced about one item which Mrs. Fairley, and Mr. Kilbourn, failed to reprint—the evidence that Mackenzie possessed a prime qualification for a literary career. He was a full man, in Bacon's sense of the phrase, made so by reading 54 works of "Divinity," 168 on "History and Biography," 52 of "Travels and Voyages," 38 on "Geography and Topography," 85 on "Poetical and Dramatic Literature," 41 on "Education," 51 on "Arts, Science, and Agriculture," 116 Miscellaneous, and 352 "Novels"—all of these between the ages of eleven and twenty-four,

*THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE 1834-1837: edited by Margaret Fairley; Oxford University Press; \$6.50.

and chiefly in Dundee, Scotland. The total comes to nine hundred and fifty-seven volumes, to which should be added all of Mackenzie's subsequent reading in Canada. It is the early detailed list, made up in his own handwriting (reprinted by Lindsey in 1862), which one needs now, so that one can contemplate, title by title, the facts and fictions which went into making of this formidable man of the people. His aristocratic opponent, Sir Francis Bond Head, was not more "full," nor more "ready" and "exact" through conference and writing.

Some readers may be surprised, on turning back the red cover of this book, to find Mackenzie moderate and reasonable in his opinions about education. As a man of letters, helping to lay the groundwork for literature in his province, he was trying to cultivate a citizenry educated beyond the use and need of radical action; he strove for, and eventually fought for, a system in which public opinion could prevail without muskets. He stands high among the moulders of the people's conscience with regard to schools and libraries in Upper Canada. Not a college graduate, but knowing the inestimable value of books, he extended his campaign even to concern about basic things like better paper, ink, and postal services. He holds an honorable place as an advocate of adult education.

Such articles throw light upon his personal and political intolerance. The reading of innumerable books, for example, seemed so natural to him that he did not question the right of every younger or older Canadian to enjoy the same privilege. If adequate libraries did not exist, they had to be made to exist. What he had known, ideally or actually, in his Scottish homeland had to be recreated in Upper Canada. A government was obligated, he felt, to raise the cultural and economic level of the working classes and the small farmers; their natural rights were always threatened, he believed, when legislation or government support tended to help the rich. General enlightenment was his goal, and widespread information his means, for he was, in this pre-Rebellion period, more publicist than politician. Primarily a man of letters, he soon went awry in the world of public action. Although deeply in tune with the mind of the people, he could not lead as well as he could teach.

His writings have always been classified as political journalism: Mrs. Fairley's book has value in emphasizing his range and variety. Denunciation, extravagance, gross popular appeal—these one would expect to find; but one might not be prepared for quite so much effective illustration or, for want of a better phrase, so much which bears comparison with Joseph Howe. Both defended themselves against official persecution and both argued for civil rights; mentioning Mackenzie in the same breath as the respectable and admired *Tribune* is an impertinence which literary critics, if not historians, might risk.

Those who thought Mackenzie mad or distracted at the time when he wrote his grandiloquent broadside "Independence" may well have envied him his skill in arousing men. Long practice, talent or genius, or all three, invigorated words which they all understood. Mackenzie's strength did not lie in his personality alone; his rare command of the medium of popular language and his display of qualities proper to the true craft of effective composition should not be overlooked. In an

age dominated by journalists and reviewers—when even the lieutenant-governor was a journalist—Mackenzie came within the circle of literature. That circle swept wide enough then to take in exceptional works of intelligence and power which might now be classified under special disciplines; it need not be narrowed more for Upper Canada than it was for Britain.

Mackenzie had no time for *belles-lettres*, and no inclination; he appears to have been singularly incapable of humor, fancy, fiction or poetry. Yet Mrs. Fairley has been able to include in her book a great number of sketches which show a relationship between the editor and his readers at odds with the stock notion of him as merely a nasty demagogue. Some of these are "Smuggling in 1822," "The Theatre," "Retired Colonels Near St. Thomas," "The Credit Indians," "Late Winter in Quebec," "The York Museum," "The Methodists," "On His Own Education," "The Life of a Farmer Compared with that of a Printer," "The Library of Congress, 1829," "Quebec Reading Rooms," "London Street Criers," "Cholera in London," and "Pulpit and Playhouse."

There is little to show that Mackenzie took William Cobbett as a model; but he recognized a kindred spirit when he dined, one Sunday in July 1832, with the man who had "filled a large space in the public annals of Britain for the last forty years." "Peter Russell" met "Peter Porcupine." The first of the pseudonyms was Mackenzie's in his *Colonial Advocate*, a newspaper which he edited at Queenston and York (Toronto) from 1824 until 1834; the second had been acquired by Cobbett when he wrote pro-British pamphlets in Philadelphia during the 1790's. The name of Peter, the impulsive apostle, suited both of them; and Mackenzie, like Cobbett the "porcupine," "never was of an accommodating disposition in [his] life."

Comparison between them could be carried a long way. Masters of impassioned invective, they made careers of editing journals and pamphleteering in the interests of the common people, the farmers, and the political reformers. Cobbett reached fame and fortune in this way; "Mr. Cobbett I consider a happy man" was Mackenzie's verdict. For himself, however, there would be the odium of rebellion and sad results until his dying day. Cobbett's statements, Mackenzie noted, were "not always as correct as they might be." The Canadian editor, on the other hand, was a stickler for detail, relying less on rough charm than on raw strength; yet he was able at times to write descriptive sketches not unworthy of inclusion in the Englishman's celebrated *Rural Rides* (1830). Mackenzie, the political "firebrand," may find a place in literary history as a colonial Cobbett.

CARL F. KLINCK

Books Reviewed

AN EPIC OF CLARE MARKET. BIRTH AND EARLY DAYS OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS: Janet Beveridge; Clarke, Irwin; pp. xiii, 98; \$3.25.

Lady Beveridge completed this book a few days before she succumbed to her fatal illness. "Completed" is used loosely since the book is anything but finished. There are innumerable repetitions of fact and the text

needs tightening up. In its present form it's a good penultimate draft.

But it's still a worthwhile book for those interested in the amazing, almost overnight growth of an adult education centre into a first rate university faculty, and of course, it will bring a tear to the eye of former students of the LSE. (What are they called, by the way? "Old Lesions" doesn't seem right somehow.)

Lady Beveridge has a good story to tell. Opening its doors in 1895, the School began with a series of lectures in commercial subjects offered by eminent authorities between the hours of 6 and 9 p.m. to adults who were earning their bread during the day. There were no examinations and no degrees. Yet within five years, under the arch-manipulative hand of Sidney Webb, its founder and promoter, the School was part of the University of London with a student body in excess of 400 reading for degrees. Webb and his cohorts began on a shoestring with "whiskey money" from the crown and a minor malversation of the Hutchinson bequest of £10,000. Only Sidney Webb could have brought off such a coup, and enlisted such a star-studded cast at trifling stipends, including Bertrand Russell, Foxwell, Mackinder, Hewins, Graham Wallas, Hobhouse, and Clement Attlee.

Unfortunately, Lady Beveridge takes the story to only 1919, the year in which her husband-to-be, Sir William of Beveridge Report fame, was appointed the fourth director of the school. Nobody mentions directly that it was in those years that Lady B. in effect ran the school for Sir William in the post of its secretary.

PAUL FOX

MORE LETTERS OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT (SECOND SERIES): With some personal Recollections by the Editor. Arthur S. Bourinot; Ottawa: the Editor; \$2.50.

MARK TWAIN-HOWELLS LETTERS: Henry Nash Smith and William S. Gibson, editors; Reginald Saunders; 2 vols.; \$24.00.

The Bourinot volume is the fourth collection of letters by Scott, Lampman, Campbell, Edward Thomson and their friends that Mr. Bourinot has edited during the past five years. Since 1955 he also has published a bibliography of Edward Thomson and has reprinted a collection of articles by Scott, Lampman, and Campbell from the *Toronto Globe*.

More Letters opens with a seven-page personal recollection of Scott by Mr. Bourinot, and its 106 pages are made up of some seventy letters from Scott to Pelham Edgar from 1899 to 1942; ten to E. K. Brown in 1946; and ten to and from Vilhjalmur Stefansson. The Edgar and Brown letters afford many glimpses of Scott's literary taste. The volume closes with extracts from Scott's article "A Decade of Canadian Poetry"; a bibliography of Mr. Bourinot's books; a page of extracts from Canadian newspaper reviews of Mr. Bourinot's 1959 volume *Some Letters of Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, and Others*; and two brief personal recollections by Mr. Bourinot of Sir Gilbert Parker and William Butler Yeats.

Mr. Bourinot has published his six volumes as a private enterprise (assisted in *More Letters* by a grant from the Canada Council). They are expressions of his loyalty to his old friends and of his love of their kinds of poetry. He feels strongly that it is a national disgrace

that so few volumes of letters by Canadian writers are in print. He published these letters because no publisher would risk producing them in one single, large volume.

One can sympathize both with Mr. Bourinot and with the publishers. To a publisher, the contents of these letters must seem to be only the raw material from which a biographer might construct the detailed lives of Scott or Lampman. A publisher might well feel that their appeal would be confined to the limited circle who knew Scott and Lampman with affection, and so would treasure information about them. On his side, Mr. Bourinot believes that indifference is allowing the materials of historical literary scholarship in Canada to disappear, and the fame of his poets to dwindle. So he has done something about it.

Unfortunately he has selected, edited, and printed the texts of these letters in an early 20th Century fashion. The reader must accept what is on the page before him on faith, without means of knowing how accurately the actual text of the letters has been reproduced. For instance, proper names have been omitted from the printed text when the letter writer has written hard things about an acquaintance or a critic. And apparently here and there passages have been dropped silently, or perhaps (one cannot know) certain letters have been withheld. To say this is to criticize only Mr. Bourinot's method; I do not doubt his motive, or his care in reproducing what he does print. Perhaps he would have done more for his friends if he had used the contents of these six volumes to write his own memoirs or a group biography of these writers and their times. Perhaps he will.

A different manner of editing has shaped the *Mark Twain-Howells Letters*. Two of the outstanding scholars of American literature have co-operated to produce a model of scholarship. Professor Henry Nash Smith, of the University of California and curator of the Mark Twain Papers, has been responsible for collecting, editing, and annotating the Clemens letters. Professor William Gibson, of New York University and an authority on Howells, has been responsible for the Howells material. Their editing has been meticulous, judicious, and self-effacing. They have interspersed groups of letters with editorial essays which place the material of the letters in the larger personal and historical context. Copious footnotes identify allusions to people, places, and events. The text of the letters has been reproduced *verbatim*, and when individual words have been indecipherable, the reader is warned. A Calendar of Letters, with locations, and Appendix material at the end of Volume 2 afford all the assistance a scholarly reader could desire.

Samuel Clemens and William Dean Howells were close, life-long friends. Howells once wrote: "I would rather see and talk with you than any other man in the world, outside of my own blood." Clemens at another time wrote: "You are really my only author." Howells *did* become Mark Twain's literary conscience—not, however, in the reductive sense that Van Wyck Brooks has suggested, but rather as the freely-sought mentor and fellow craftsman. Without Howells' critical tact Clemens' best work would have suffered. Howells drew strength from Mark Twain's spirit; possibly without his friendship Howells would have been overwhelmed by the gentle ooze around him.

These two volumes print all the known correspondence—letters mostly, but also telegrams and post cards—that passed between them during a 38-year period.

Of the 681 items, fewer than half have been published before. Alfred Bigelow Paine did publish some of these in his earlier biographies, but in them you never can be sure that you are reading what Mark Twain wrote, since Paine did what he thought was the decent thing and omitted or changed words or phrases silently which he thought might harm Clemens' reputation among genteel readers. The original text of those letters appears here, and Mark Twain comes through on his own channel without ghosting. Clemens spoke as he felt, and often he felt violently. He wrote as he spoke, and that wonderful and often lurid energy is the source of much pleasure in reading these letters. Howells was a more contained man. His prose is a beautifully developed vehicle for his complex, evenly-balanced temper. Although he was more mellow than Clemens, he was as sensitive as his friend to injustice in life or lack of integrity in art. Both men harnessed their indignation to action. Their idealism was hard pressed as they aged, and the letters in the late 1890's and the 1900's often contain much that is poignant to read. Each in his own way was a man, on a big, humane scale, and that is the enduring fibre of their best work and of these letters.

GORDON ROPER

CANADA'S STORY IN SONG: Edith Fowke; Alan Mills; Helmut Blume; W. J. Gage; pp. 250; \$5.00.

The widespread interest in folksong at the present time is nothing short of phenomenal. In beatnik cellars, on children's records, in camps, colleges, on radio, television and in sophisticated night clubs, guitars are strummed, folksongs hummed, sung, plucked, wailed, moaned and chorused. They are also parodied, satirized, resurrected, imported and translated. You probably have your own theory of why this is so if you are interested in the cult. Perhaps it is one of the few areas where the expert and the enthusiast can still communicate and certain poets are trying to re-establish contact with their audiences by much the same methods as those of the professional folk-singer. Perhaps it is only a desire to participate in making music—a re-action to the passivity of most of our folk habits. At any rate, Canadians are among the enthusiasts and Mrs. Fowke is well known on this continent as a foremost authority in the field of Canadian folksong.

The songs in this collection are arranged in sections corresponding to the various phases of Canadian history as the title suggests. The book provides in addition to the music, a simple text of our folk history. There are enough examples, usually five or six, in each of the fourteen sections to give us a feeling of the time as experienced by the people of the different areas and eras as Canada was discovered, fought for, built up, and up to the present day work songs. Some of the notes are quite extensive in explanation of sources and better still they are in an easy readable style.

The sections entitled "Before The White Man," "The Discovery of Canada" and "Voyageurs and Missionaries" seem to me to be of particular interest and the second section containing the early French songs is superior musically to any other part of the book however authentic. The settings, as one would expect from such a musician as Helmut Blume, are exceptionally fine in almost all examples. Let us have a look at a few of them.

They turn out to be more than simple folk tunes in his hands although the freshness is not lost.

The reconstruction of Eskimo and Indian songs is hazardous at best since only an approximation can be reached either in words or music. The actual melody line is probably much closer to the original than the complete arrangement because the chromatics in the accompaniment while pleasing to us are foreign to the original idiom. It is rather like rendering Eskimo poetry in the style of T. S. Eliot. *An Iroquois Lullaby* for instance, on a simple scale, is removed from the primitive by the arrangement although it is made more attractive to modern ears thereby. A *Salish Song* on the other hand has a timeless primitive sound best suited to vocal interpretation without accompaniment. This is from the Pacific coast, with words by Alan Mills.

Coming to the early French period, how nice it would be to hear our school children sing *Ave, maris stella* in the simple latin and the fine melody given here as an alternative to the overworked *Twelve Days of Christmas*. Mrs. Fowke tells us that *Ave, maris stella* "has been sung for well over three hundred years" and that "the Acadians still regard it as their national hymn." The beautiful arrangement on page 20 deserves to be sung for another three hundred years. Or compare *A St. Malo, beau port de mer* with later songs of Anglo-Saxon origin. Only the rare tune, probably Highland, comes anywhere near it musically. The French handle the themes of pathos with a lightness in both words and music which is all the more poignant. This is a quality noticeably missing from the more lugubrious English language ballads, and gaiety in them frequently has the sound of hob-nail boots. Incidentally the French words as given in this section are considerably more singable than the English alternatives.

In three out of four of the following sections, a military note is struck. They are called "War Against The United States," "The Rebellion of 1837," "The Country Grows" and "Toward Confederation." The middle of the nineteenth century, at least on this continent, was evidently a low point in public taste and these songs reflect it. But in the section called "The Opening of the West" we come upon *La Rose Blanche* and *Riel's Song*, both historically interesting and musically lovely. The first of these Mrs. Fowke tells us was sung by the voyageurs in northern Manitoba, and probably dates from the 18th century. *Riel's Song* has the haunting quality of the best of the Scottish love lilt.

Under the headings of "The Country Grows" and "Cowboys And Homesteaders" we find some of the homespun melodies which have been rescued by Mrs. Fowke as late as 1958. Ten of the songs here and in the latter half of the collection were recorded in Peterborough County, a countryside rich in Irish lore and up till now practically unexplored. Personally I do not find these comeallies from my native county as attractive as some other forms of folksong but doubtless they complete some gaps in the record and have probably been saved in their early forms just in time.

Of the modern work songs *Iron Ore in Fifty-four* by Alan Mills seems to be one of the most successful. It celebrates the opening of the new railway into Ungava in 1954. This song completes this collection except for source lists, record lists and index.

One could have wished for more imaginative decorations but they have been kept suitably simple. The music

was drawn by J. R. Brooks and the illustrations by Leo Rampen. *Canada's Story in Song* is a book one would like to see in every school library and wherever folksongs are sung. Some of the arrangements call for considerable musical skill instrumentally.

HILDA KIRKWOOD

TO ANY SPRING: Myrtle Reynolds Adams; Ryerson Press; pp. 12; \$1.00.

Some of the poems in Mrs. Adams' latest collection (it is her third Ryerson chapbook) have been published in periodicals ranging from this one to the *Saturday Evening Post*. All but one of the fourteen poems are lyrics, the exception, "College Reunion," a rambling "free verse" which teeters at times on the edge of banality but is redeemed by a feeling of authenticity.

The lyrics are competently executed, but show almost no flash of originality or that special enlightenment which is the mark of genuine poetry. This is due in part to the subjects chosen. A writer makes exorbitant demands on his (or her) talent when he takes such over-celebrated topics as spring, Easter, dusk. "Bird tap" is perhaps the most effective with the woodpecker creating "a specious two-fold doggerel" on the wrinkled bark. The last stanza is

What cries the difference between
Myself and insect on the tree?
The woodpecker taps on the wrinkled bark
A paradigm of sophistry.

ANNE MARRIOTT

THE PLAYGROUND

bold bleaching hours of dawn,
and the grass runs riot in stinging dampness—
cries multitudes of day's wind-war,
the leaves more green this living time . . .

we have the knock-hush in air-gutted play balls,
zooming gray thresholds of net,
meeting the sock and bounce of fists,
grimy with last day's ice cream ecstasy;
dizzying dance of the swing-song—
hiss, fall with the lythe ones
strumming air-strings of morning . . .
O, so vast that nimble dominion that the children,
emperors all, can rule
with a sceptre of creaking swing-chains,
and one shriek, played like piccolo
on a chocolate tongue—

Her dress runs red with flurrying and the wind's prod.
She mounts long eternities of slide magic, her chubby
pear legs
ripe for the sudden send downward on rude metal slot—
Bottom earth is a warfare of indecision—
"Again, Marie?" Yes! Again, again!

O, and what fossils are we,
to varnish the slate of these hours
in sticky by-pass of sleep and swearing! . . .
While these children, here, in raw intercourse with
clouds

fly wingless, heedless,
long past Nirvana . . .

Gwen McEwen

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